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What's all this talk of **G**roove, **F**unk, and **S**oul? Is this **D**own **H**ome feeling a new force in jazz? An infusion of **G**ospel flavor, true **S**pirit **F**eel? Is it a manifestation of the rising tide of racial protest? Or is it merely current argot for an **E**arthy flavor that has always been in the bloodstream of jazz but used to be called **B**uthucket, **D**irty, **T**in the **B**atter, or **T**in the **A**lley? **F**unk or **S**oul could be described as **S**pirit or **F**eelings, the **T**ransference **E**motion, or, technically, a broad use of **B**lue **F**unctionality. ■ Whatever it is, there can be little doubt that the **B**ack to the **E**arth movement has become a strong force in jazz. In this issue, a full discussion of **F**unk.



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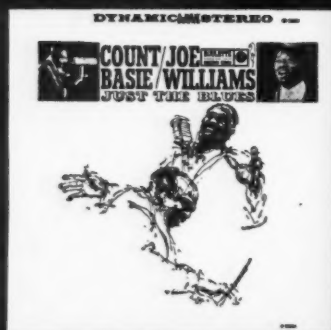


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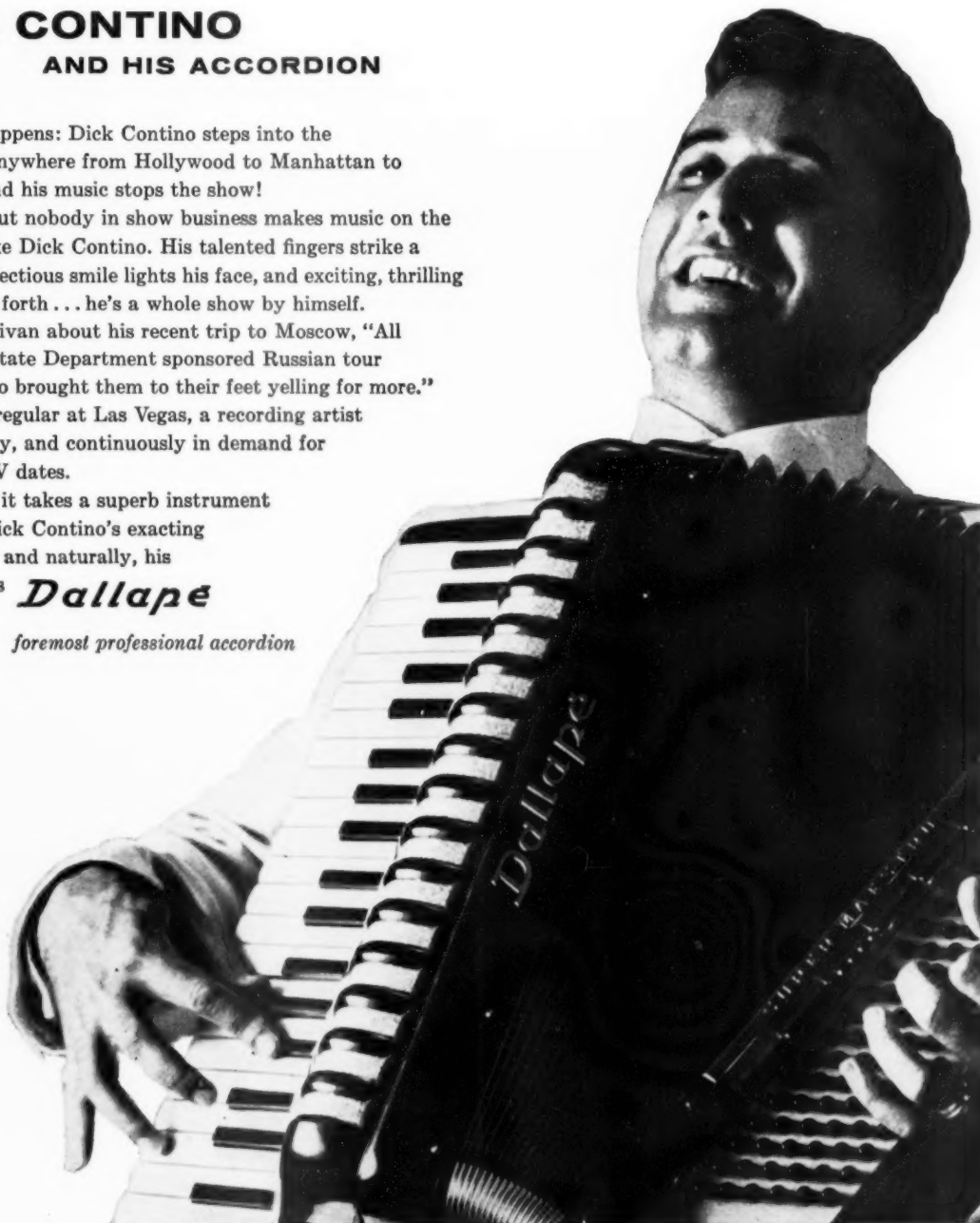
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

Among ourselves here at *Down Beat*, we have been referring to this issue as the "soul" issue. In this context, soul is obviously not a term of physical disembodiment but a method of cataloging an expression of emotion in music. As you will note further along in these pages, emotion means many things to many people. Let's try here to express the basic relationships that motivate differences of opinion and judgment.

We have to start with the basic elements—people. In this case there are two specific categories: the musician (the artist, the performer, the catalyst), and the listener (the audience, the buyer, the recipient). The musician believes he has something to say; the listener has some need he wants fulfilled. The link between the two is a performance. The satisfaction gained by both the musician and the audience from each other is one of degree. It is expressed commercially as either success or failure. It is expressed artistically as either acceptance or rejection.

It is in the matter of degree and the

analysis of the elements leading to mutual satisfaction that produce controversy. And this controversy is itself a vital part of satisfaction. For the crux of the matter is that, as each of us is different one from the other in taste, sensitivity, and hope—as well as physical makeup and environment—so each of us must differ in our reactions to a performer and his performance.

In addition to individual differences, there is the phenomenon of group taste. It is axiomatic that most people will react differently to a performance or an idea when in a crowd or mass. Listening or watching (another variable in itself) en masse incurs a new set of values, or, at the least, materially affects individual values. Economic, social, anthropological, and even political factors can condition an audience to appreciate, tolerate, or reject a performance in variance to its preferences as individuals.

Emotion in music, as in any art form, must be matched by an emotional well-spring in the listener. It is virtually impossible to judge, criticize, or appreciate a work of art without being aware of the personality of the artist. Emotionalism, which connotes an excess

of emotion, sometimes blinds the audience to the basic talent of the performer. Often, the performer will use emotionalism as a substitute or crutch for talent. When this happens, and it does all too often, the performer is on shaky ground because emotions are by nature capricious. Any change in emotion, or in degree of emotion, will affect appreciation. Basic talent and the ability to transfer it to an audience is, and must be, the stable element.

So, what we see today is a realization and demand by audiences for more feeling, or soul, from the performer. The performer realizes that more feeling is desirable if he is to be able to communicate with his audience. (This realization can, without being negative, be commercially inspired. We are, after all, speaking primarily of professional performers.)

We think this phase is important. If it serves the purpose of getting performers and audiences together, and if it means that more mutual understanding will result—then great. If, on the other hand, emotion is gimmicked or used capriciously—then forget it. Talent is still the raw stuff of which dreams—and careers—are made.

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ON THE COVER

One of the most hotly debated subjects in jazz these days is "soul"—taken by some to mean simply "funk" and by others to mean something else. On the one hand, pianist Bobby Timmons (see Page 14) is admired for the funk of his playing and Les McCann is criticized by a variety of critics (thus far, McCann has failed to get a good review from a *Down Beat* critic, though we've tried his discs on three different reviewers) for phony funk. On Page 18 of this issue, *Down Beat's* west coast editor, John Tynan, manages not to get his Irish up but instead provides one of the most calm, reasoned discussions of the subject to date—one that we hope will clarify things for those readers who have been merely confused by the hullabaloo.

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education in jazz

By Willis Conover

Just as a rose-colored object seen through rose colored glasses comes out a blank, so does jazz so reflect the American spirit that many Americans don't notice it's around.

Yet Peggy Lee hits the Hit Parade with "Fever" . . . Eddy Miller takes a tenor solo midway in the Pied-Piper's Dream . . . Nat Cole sings on with a



Willis Conover

pulse he can never depress . . . and at the four corners of a city block a John Lewis cinema sound-track, an Armstrong juke box offering, a Bernstein musical comedy score, and a Negro church service attract and hold American audiences. And a thousand hidden seeds lie sprouting

in less obvious soils.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Monterey Pro . . .

I had the honor and pleasure of being one of the thousands of visitors at the Monterey Jazz festival. I attended the afternoon and evening concerts of the last day and deeply regret that I could not attend all the performances. Not only were the concerts brilliantly co-ordinated and acoustically perfect, but the conduct of the thousands in the stadium was absolutely beautiful.

I'm writing this love letter on the festival because it should be known that all jazz festivals are not chaotic shambles and that most jazz devotees are well behaved and most appreciative.

San Francisco, Calif.

Sylvia Syms

. . . and Con

Before *Down Beat* begins heralding the great accomplishments of the 1960 Monterey Jazz festival (and your glowing terms of the festival, I'm sure are burning to be put in print), may I be permitted counterpoint?

The festival was a good gathering of most of the newer jazz musicians, and some new and good music came from them. However, these performances failed to meet the standard of artistic and esthetic achievement as touted by the festival's board of directors, its general manager, and others. The festival seemed to have been promoted on the principle "tell a lie loud and long enough and people will believe it." This technique was evident in the appearance and results as I saw it for 2½ days as a spectator and as a news reporter for station KCRA-TV Sacramento, Calif., and United Press International.

The businessmen of Monterey and most of its residents did very little to encourage attendance, and I seriously wonder how approval was given to some of the exhibitors on the festival grounds. No wonder jazz is being kept from serious artistic recognition when space is rented for sordid exhibit stalls . . . Not only were these exhibits apparently approved by the board of directors but the height of ridiculous exhibits was the "genuine do-it-yourself voodoo kits" by Pam of San Francisco. The official festival program called specific attention to this exhibit . . . Can't somebody convince the board of directors that jazz does not need to be continually presented in the most sordid, offbeat, and clandestine of circumstances to be enjoyed?

My wife and two children attended the festival with me. Our family has developed an enjoyment of jazz as an art . . . We took the advice of the board of directors and "walked the lovely acres of the Monterey County Fair grounds." What happened? Cats were juiced and physically bothered us; many of them seemed to be under the influence of narcotics and mar-

ihuana . . . My wife removed the kids from the scene . . .

Sacramento, Calif. Murray A. Wesgate

Reader Wesgate's presumption that Down Beat would give blanket approval to the prevailing conditions at the Monterey Jazz festival is refuted by John Tynan's report in the Nov. 10 issue. Down Beat will bring to light malpractices wherever it finds them and no matter who's at fault.

The Truth At Last!

Your recent article, "Roots, Guts, Funk, Gospel, and Soul," brought many pleasant memories to me. I didn't know that you youngsters were cognizant of the Chinese influence on early jazz, especially that of the great cornetist "Chops" Suey, the trombonist Weh Won-Ton, and his gourd-mandizing brother Weh Two-Ton, who played real gutbucket. (Ask Stan Canton about this.)

But there was Italian influence too, as exemplified by Nature Boy Phil Chloro. You won't find Phil in the jazz history books, but his effect on the music, on jazz slang, and even on instrumentation was immense. Phil lived in a huge hollowed-out tree in the swamps, and he never left it (thereby solving the hall, gig, and transportation problems at one stroke, in case you doubt his genius). We would pack a lunch and go by boat to see him (the origin of "Got any bread on you?" as well as of "See you later, alligator," an expression which later generations bandied about rather thoughtlessly). The route was hard to follow (you needed "charts"), but it was worth it.

You see, Phil's instrument was the tree itself. He had cut notches and holes in the trunk and blew through these to produce tremendous organ-like tones (the true origin of the Gospel influence, so completely misunderstood today). When Phil blew, the room truly rocked. (Occupying a cradle on an upper bough were his two natural sons, Xylem and Phloem. I never met their mother, Eartha.) Phil's style was rather lumbering (he played only naturals, of course), but his horn had good timbre. On the walls of the hollowed-out room he had strung vines on which he scuttled about, ape-like, to reach the various holes. Talk about getting over the horn!

Well, playing in that room had its problems. We had to excavate a pit for the bass man to stand in—the origin of the expression "I can't dig that (obscenity)." And sometimes, in order to increase his range, Phil would go outside and blow inward on certain holes. Once when the natural covering of the tree interfered with his embouchure, he hit a clinker which wasn't really his fault, prompting one of the guys in the room to say that Phil's bark was worse than

(Continued on page 8)

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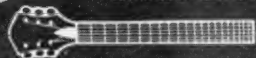
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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

his bite. (This was the origin of "inside" jokes, such as "Did you bring your ax?" and "I can cut that," which naturally "brought" the arboreal Phil "down" but fast.)

But the actual original composer of *Autumn Leaves* and *Woody'n You* (I helped him a little on the bridge) was never to achieve fame. He did not branch out. He began to go to seed. First, an amazingly tin-eared woodpecker left his instrument horribly out of tune. Then, one day, in attempting a high F, Phil ruined his chops on a knot. He could no longer fake or even read, if I may be permitted a bit of levity in this grim account.

And yet Phil's influence lives on. Long after his death, the tree finally crashed to earth. Phloem, now grown, went north and got a square job, as I had done. But Xylem stayed, hacking up the tree into small pieces and creating from them the instrument which still bears his name, the xylophone. Maybe Phil Chloro never made it big, but he had roots.

Address unknown Woody Stemmler

Down Beat feels that pioneer Stemmler's letter will serve to shock jazz historians out of their blues-roots-up-the-river complacency. The roughhewn theory of Stemmler—whom we understand is living in obscurity in Takoma Park, Md., under the assumed name of Glenn O. Brown (note the connotations of wooded glens and brown bark and leaves)—is undoubtedly the source of jazz shading and wooden phrasing.

Duke's Score's Ducky

I was doubtful about continuing my subscription to *Down Beat*. But not now! Your last issue with the Ellington chart is great. I've been waiting for years for a publication to do this. This can do more to create big band interest and development than any other single factor.

How about a full Marty Paich arrangement . . . such as *No More* from his album?

Berwyn, Ill.

Bob Anderson

A. T. OK

Thanks for the wonderful story by Ira Gitler on Art Taylor. Let's have more stories on the unrecognized ones like Jackie McLean, Don Byrd, and Walter Davis . . .

Atlantic City, N.J.

Ed McDonald

Dragged

The *First Chorus* in the Oct. 13 issue was pure emotionalism. The article about Garner vs. Columbia was too late: the damage already has been done. And who said Mel Tormé is the musicians singer? Tormé is at a disadvantage—he can't sing.

So, what else is new?

Hollywood, Calif.

R. A. DeMichel

Oh, nothing much. What's new with you that a talk with the many musicians who do admire Tormé or an awareness of the legalities involved in the Garner case or a closer contact with ballroom operators, union officials, and big booking agencies wouldn't help?

Tri-State

Living is practical and recreation is practical. Suber in have I see exact exp band jazz areas.

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Tri-State Lament

Living in a district where big band jazz is practically nonexistent caused me to read and reread *The First Chorus* by Charles Suber in the Oct. 13 *Down Beat*. Never have I seen an article come closer to the exact explanation of the absence of big-band jazz in the Pittsburgh and Tri-State areas.

During the summer months, it is possible to hear and see many of the name bands at nearby amusement park ballrooms, but in the winter what happens? Does the big band jazz fan move to New York, Los Angeles, or some other comparable locality? We must either listen to records or accept the fact that spring is just around the corner and resign ourselves to listening various local combos plus some name groups brought in by clubs. . .

The ballroom operators are doing their share to bury the big bands, too. They hold record hops most of the time; but when a band is hired, you can bet the men won't get to play what they want to play.

What it all adds up to is that the jazz fan and musician are being completely forgotten in this area. . .

New Brighton, Pa. Harold M. Malter

Thanks From Martha

May I take this opportunity to acknowledge the significant exposition you have given the *Garner Vs. Columbia Records* case in your Oct. 13 issue.

I think that Mr. Hoefer is to be commended for so thoroughly exploring the problems involved. We do know from the

reactions we have been receiving from artists, managers, and attorneys, among others, that the precedential aspects of this case are being watched throughout the industry.

Our materials from the court are available in the offices of our attorney to your publication at any time. We hope that other recording personnel will benefit in future agreements by the clarification of some vital issues in the case.

Mr. Garner joins me in thanking you for your consideration.

New York City Martha Glaser

Gassed

I have been a long-time reader of your magazine—since the early 1940s. The Sept. 20 issue is another good one in a series of good ones.

The Maynard Ferguson and John Coltrane stories cracked me up. I have at one time met most of the all-time great musicians, and I would have really liked to have been with Coltrane when he met Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and Slam Stewart in that lady's attic at 2:30 in the morning. It gasses me to read about it. More issues like this one, please. . .

Dallas, Texas. H. L. Rawls

Another Nat Talks Back

A point of fact concerning George Crater's statistical tabulations of my night life. Mr. Crater has often solicitously pointed to what he considers are my malfeasances. One such seems to be the fact that I have a beard, although he has yet to indicate how this predilection of mine affects what

I write. (I try not to favor bearded musicians too obviously.) This and other past flicks of his rubber rapier have been matters of taste (and oddly, rarely concern what I actually do write). Accordingly, there hasn't seemed to be much point in answering them.

I do feel, however, that a factual error in a recent Crater exercise in lost punchlines might be clarified. Crater states with assurance that my antipathy to jazz clubs is well known. Since I don't know about it, nor does my remarkably patient wife, I wonder on what source Crater bases his self-righteous sermon. As it happens, I do average at least one club visit a week, often more. Some clubs I like; some I don't; but the criterion is who's playing where. In the past year, as it happens, I have been traveling occasionally because I increasingly write on subjects other than jazz. There are some weeks, therefore, when I'm away from New York City, for which dereliction I hope I may somehow be forgiven.

Certainly it seems self-evident to me that a journalist in jazz has to make the clubs; and in any case, since the age of 12 (the beard fooled the bouncers and the cops), I've gotten many more kicks from live jazz than from records.

Returning to the matter of taste, I wonder what relationship to Horace Silver's music Mr. Crater finds in his frequently stated reference to the fact that Horace perspires when he plays. Or perhaps Crater hasn't worked out the point of that joke yet?

New York City Nat Hentoff

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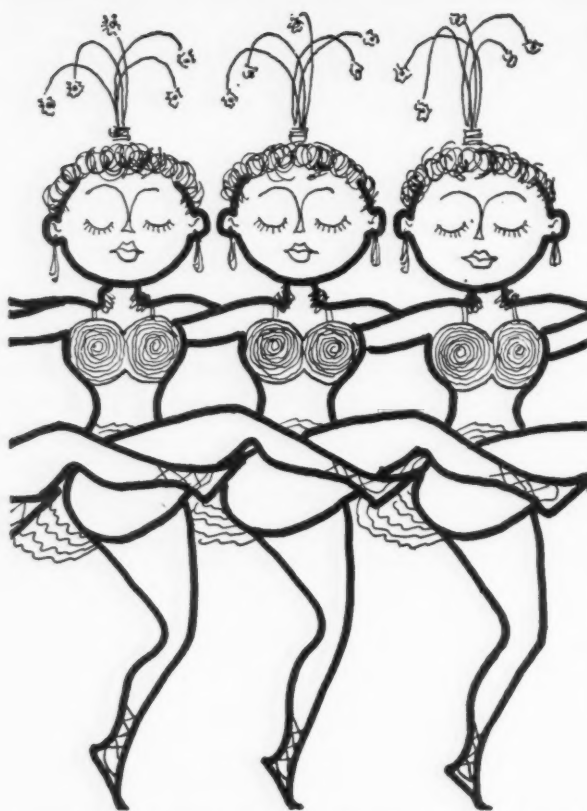
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STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

Jimmy Giuffre has again changed the musical format of his group. His latest combination, heard at a recent engagement at the Village Vanguard, includes **Paul Bley**, piano; **Bill Takas**, bass; **Ronnie Bedford**, drums, with Giuffre confining his playing to clarinet. This is the first time he has used piano in any of his groups. On his previous extended run at the Five Spot, he experimented with two separate instrumentations in which he doubled clarinet and tenor saxophone. When he first settled in New York last spring, he tried working with **Steve Lacy**, soprano saxophone; **Buell Neidlinger**, bass; and **Dennis Charles**, drums. Later he replaced Lacy with guitarist **Jim Hall**.

Ten contemporary jazz composers have recently become affiliated with Broadcast Music Inc., (BMI). They are **Julian (Cannonball) Adderley**, **Nat Adderley**, **Eric Dolphy**, **Curtis Fuller**, **Sam Jones**, **John Levy**, **Yusef Lateef**, **Duke Pearson**, **Frank Strozier**, and **Bobby Timmons** . . . **Cutty Cutshall** and **Osie Johnson**, have replaced **Lou McGarity** and **Joe Marshall** on trombone and drums, respectively, with the **Dick Hyman** Orchestra accompanying **Arthur Godfrey** on his CBS morning radio show . . . **Herbie Mann** added four trumpets to his Afro-Jazz Sextet for his current Birdland engagement. The same idea was used by Mann at the 1960 Randall's Island jazz festival.

Charlie Mingus left the Showplace last month to tour. It has been booking jazz names for one-week engagements. **Mal Waldron**, **Yusef Lateef**, **Randy Weston**, and **Gigi Gryce** have been featured. On Monday nights the Showplace offers the **Cecil Taylor** unit with Taylor, piano; **Buell Neidlinger**, bass; **Dennis Charles**, drums . . . Baritone saxophonist **Nick Brignola** has been auditioning for club engagements and recording dates . . . The Newport Youth Band will appear at St. Michael's college in Burlington, Vt., on Nov. 18 and 19 for a jazz concert-dance weekend.

Tommy Gwaltney, former clarinetist with the **Bobby Hackett** and **Billy Butterfield** bands, recently produced a series of 10 half-hour live programs, *The History of American Jazz*, from the stage of the Colley theater in Norfolk, Va. The sessions were moderated and staged by Norfolk radio announcer **Bob Gheza**. The music was furnished by Gwaltney's big band and a small combo within the band. Gwaltney produced the Virginia Beach Jazz festival last summer . . . A group known as the Last Straws has been presenting Sunday afternoon programs of New Orleans jazz in the Fountain lounge of the Hotel Roosevelt in New Orleans. Sessions are dedicated to the perpetuation and encouragement of New Orleans music.

Barbara Carroll, pianist, married her agent, **Bert Black** . . .

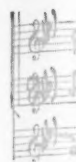
(Continued on page 45)



DOLPHY



MISS CARROLL



Down Beat

A NEW ON CAMP

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down beat

Down Beat

November 24, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 24

A NEW TWIST ON CABARET CARDS

If you play Bach in a cafe in New York, that makes the cafe a "cabaret" and you must have police approval to play there.

This is the essence of a decision by a New York magistrate, Maurice W. Grey, which extends to the jurisdiction of police to cover coffee houses if music is played or poetry is read in them.

The decision extending police control to cover such establishments was handed down Oct. 14. Magistrate Grey found four operators of Greenwich Village coffee houses guilty of violating the cabaret law.

Attorney Maxwell T. Cohen defended the coffee house operators, as he has represented various musicians victimized by the law, which makes it difficult and in some cases impossible for musicians and other artists to work in New York nightclubs if they have any police record whatever, even for minor infractions.

Cohen submitted a memorandum, questioning the moral character of the New York police department, saying that "with its sordid history of graft, corruption, violation of civil rights, betrayal of public trust, (it) has neither the statutory right nor the moral right to assert regulatory authority over the coffee houses, the employers, or its patrons." John J. Maguire of the Police Department legal bureau protested Cohen's memorandum.

Magistrate Grey suspended sentences of \$5 and \$10 fines against the operators of the coffee houses known as the Bizarre, Phase 2, the Cock 'n' Bull, Cafe Wha, and the Commons.

Cohen said he would appeal. He argued that the statute for cabaret licensing, which was put in the Administrative Code of 1937, dated from Prohibition days and was meant to control "speakeasies and gin mills."

"Why, suddenly, in July and August of 1960," Cohen asked, "was there a flurry of almost 100 summonses served indiscriminately on coffee house employees and employers within three to four weeks?"

Cohen asked for a mistrial on the

ground that an "improper" in-chambers conference had been held with Magistrate Grey on Aug. 25, which was the day he reserved decision. He said Maguire and Eugene Victor, counsel for AFM local 802, conferred with the magistrate. The mistrial request was denied.

Cohen said he would file an appeal with Appellate Term of Special Sessions court and to the New York state Supreme Court.

THE UNION CRACKS DOWN

A recording technique known as "tracking" has become common in the popular field since the advent of stereo. Recording companies have been making use of the technique for reasons of economy.

An a&r man is tracking when he records an instrumental background as a separate music track and later dubs in the vocal. This can be done easily with modern stereo recording, because the voice and accompaniment are on separate tracks even when recorded together.

Frequently, a young inexperienced vocalist, of which there are many today, does not work well in a studio with an orchestra. Experience has taught the recording companies that by rapidly taping the instrumental backgrounds separately, the attendant studio and musician costs are lowered. The singer can go into a studio alone and record his or her portion of the record using a pair of earphones to hear the previously made musical accompaniment.

The tracking practice is also resorted to when an experienced pro is having a bad day and cannot perform at his best.

Other advantages to the company's budget include a reduction in transportation expense. A vocalist can record in Los Angeles to an accompaniment that has previously been made in New York.

So much for the benefits to the record maker; the American Federation of Musicians does not approve and is taking action against the practice. The union points out the tracking prac-

tice is in violation of AFM law and the labor contracts between the union and the recording companies.

Late last month, the union filed charges against conductor Henry (Hank) Levine and 10 of his sidemen for recording separately in Los Angeles. They made a music track for which a subsequent dubbing of a vocal was planned.

When the AFM contacted John Siamis, president of Rex Productions, Inc., for whose Keen label the recording was made, he investigated and reported that the session had indeed been in violation of agreements and pledged precautions against a repetition of the abuse.

President Herman Kenin of the AFM made the following statement at the time the charges were filed against Levine: "The tracking evil is another quick buck subterfuge to cheat the instrumentalist out of his employment potential. Subsequent dubbing of the vocal to produce a completed recording is an unartistic shortcut to further reduce the work hours of musicians and we are alerting our officers and members in every recording jurisdiction to report such abuses. We are determined to proceed against our own members and against the recording companies that practice it."

IT'S BASIE'S 25th YEAR; 6 DJs LET HIM KNOW IT

When the frustrations and discomforts, the insecurity and competition, the excruciating monotony of pack up, move on, unpack, perform, pack up, and begin again are added together, a quarter-century can become endless. It is little wonder then that Count Basie was barely aware of the fact that he is currently in his 25th year as a bandleader.

October, 1960, was routinely dubbed Count Basie month at Roulette Records and three augustly packaged Basie albums were offered as part of a promotional parcel in which the buyer received one album free "when you buy two."

In Chicago, jazz disc jockey Daddy-O Daylie felt that Basie's contribution to the country deserved something more than this commercial gimmick. He and

a group of five other Chicago disc jockeys, on Oct. 6, presented Basie with an anniversary plaque.

The plaque contained individual engraved messages from Dan Sorkin, Sid McCoy, Mike Rapchek, Dick Buckley, Marty Faye, and Daylie. After a supper-club party with reporters, photographers, and champagne, Basie tucked the plaque under arm and disappeared into the morning, beginning his trek toward the golden anniversary.

ARMSTRONG'S AKWAABA IN GHANA

Louis Armstrong replied, "Yeah," when the Lord Mayor of Accra, Ghana, dressed in his native robes, poured a pint of Scotch on the ground as a libation to the gods and chanted "Akwaaba," the Ghanaian word for welcome.

The ceremony took place at the airport in the capital city of President Kwam Nkrumah's small African country, where the Lord Mayor, 500 Ghanaians, and two native bands were on hand to greet the American trumpeter and his six accompanying musicians.

Accra, where he played two jazz concerts, was the first stop on a global trip scheduled to last six months. It may include a stopover behind the Iron Curtain. As Louis said in Hollywood before taking off: "Yeah, I'd like to slip under the curtain. Let all them foreign ministers have their summit conferences — Satch just might get somewhere with them cats in a basement session."

Whatever happens with the State Department's success in obtaining a visa for Louis to go to the Soviet Union, he is committed to a 2½-month tour of Africa first. During the opening phase of his West Africa tour, Satchmo is on a Madison Ave. mission for Pepsi-Cola International in Ghana and Nigeria.

Armstrong and his Pepsi-Cola Six are shock troops battling Coca-Cola for the African soft drink market. Pepsi-Cola has plastered Armstrong's picture all over Accra and other African cities with the printed syllogism: "You like Satchmo. Pepsi brings you Satchmo. Therefore, you like Pepsi."

On dozens of street corners there are stalls selling tickets to the Armstrong concerts, being held in outdoor stadiums with seating capacities of from 40,000 to 50,000 people, marking the first time there has been an advance sale of tickets for anything in Ghana.

Pepsi-Cola has invested \$300,000 in the Armstrong campaign, part of which it hopes to get back through ticket sales, and the balance through future sales of Pepsi.

There have been war casualties dur-



MEMORIES OF SUMMER

While America moved toward its annual World Series madness, a baseball game of infinitely greater historic significance was taking place in New York's Central Park: Junior's 1960 Team was playing the Newport Youth Band. Along with a number of professional musicians, the Junior's team included Down Beat's George Crater and Ira Gitler. Here, Gitler, who headed the Junior's gang, argues a fine point of the rules with NYB band leader and team captain Marshall Brown. The gang from Junior's won.

ing the offensive. In Lagos, Nigeria, where Armstrong played after several stops in Ghana, a Briton, serving as an advance man for the Pepsi-Cola jazz party, was jailed and his ticket booths were removed from the streets by authorities. The charge was that the tickets he was advertising were no longer available. Pepsi-Cola was able to arrange the Briton's release after he had spent two hours in the local clink.

When Armstrong finishes his chores for Pepsi, he will embark on a State Department tour to other parts of Africa—excepting South Africa, where the government feels it will not be in the "best interests" of the country to have a visit from the American jazz group at this particular time.

As for the possibility of Armstrong entering Russia, a trip that Armstrong's manager, Joe Glaser, has been trying to arrange for several years through the State department, there are still many questions concerning its advisability.

Canadian-born comedian Mort Sahl recently spent a hectic, unhappy 48 hours in Moscow. His original plan was to spend five days in the Russian capital "to gather material" for his act. Primarily, he wanted to talk to the Russians on the street. Instead, he had trouble making phone calls from his hotel without interception, he was restricted to three restaurants approved by Intourist, and had more trouble

getting out of Russia than he had getting in.

It might be different with Armstrong. The Russian people, from all reports, are pleading for jazz, and it depends on whether the government will let them have it. After all, Louis just wants to entertain, not gather material.

MUSICIANS' WIVES ORGANIZE IN L.A.

With rare exceptions, wives of musicians have taken a background role in their husbands' careers. But anybody with knowledge of the music business knows better than to discount the behind-the-scenes influence of the wives.

Last month a group of them decided to emerge from obscurity, and, with legal counsel, they formed Musicians' Wives, Inc., an organization incorporated by the State of California and dedicated "to improve and raise the status of the musical profession and the individual members of the organization, encouraging appreciation and understanding."

Installed as founders were Joyce (Mrs. Bill) Holman, president; Penny (Mrs. Stu) Williamson, vice president; Sandy (Mrs. Al) Porcino, secretary; Lynn (Mrs. Bud) Shank, treasurer; Lita (Mrs. Matt) Utal, public relations and publicity, and Donna (Mrs. Terry) Gibbs, sergeant-at-arms.

Armed with a constitution and charter, MWI, according to publicity chairman Dottie (Mrs. Woody) Woodward, seeks "to bring together the musicians' wives of southern California in a social and philanthropic organization with the basic purpose of giving aid to recognized charities in their various programs and to work toward the establishment of trust funds."

"It is the aim of Musicians' Wives, Inc.," Mrs. Woodward said, "to represent the wives of musicians in all fields

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of music. It is hoped that through their charity work, it will help to impress upon the public that musicians and their families are responsible people and worthy of the admiration and respect accorded all other professions."

The fledgling organization won the immediate blessing of Los Angeles Local 47 of the American Federation of Musicians. Said the local's president, John Tranchitella, "It's a wonderful idea. It will stimulate interest among the younger people in our union. We will support it in every way. The new people are the backbone of the business, and we're going to back them 100 percent."

For their first activity, the wives presented a Halloween masquerade ball Oct. 30 at the Glen Aire Country club in Sherman Oaks, Calif. Headlining the event were Bobby Troup and Lucy Ann Polk, plus an all-star band led by trumpeter Porcino. Proceeds, according to publicist Woodward, went "toward the goal of establishing a relief fund for the families of needy musicians, a trust fund for music scholarships, and, eventually, a musicians relief home, similar to the motion picture country home."

For the wives it is a high aim and a worthy one, and the music industry as a whole stands to benefit.

21 DJs, 11 DISTRIBUTORS ENJOINED OVER PAYOLA

Twenty-one Philadelphia disc jockeys, including Dick Clark's former sidekick, have been permanently enjoined by a city judge from taking payola. And 11 Philadelphia record distributors are barred by the court from giving payola.

The order stemmed from District Attorney Victor H. Blanc's plan to prevent payola, by court injunction. In granting Blanc's request, Judge David L. Ullman said Blanc "had shown ingenuity in finding a path to the solution" of the payola problem.

Blanc said he had evidence against both disc jockeys and distributors. But he could not prosecute them for bribery because they refused to testify against each other on the grounds that their testimony might tend to incriminate themselves.

Included in the 21 enjoined are such veteran spinners as Tony Mammarella (formerly Clark's assistant on the *Bandstand* program), Joe Grady, Ed Hurst, and Joe Niagara. Many of the 21 have changed jobs since the payola scandals broke. Niagara, formerly the city's top rock-and-roll jockey, now is on the west coast. Grady and Hurst have left WRCV, where they were programming big-band music as part of the station's current policy.

Not all 21 were strictly rock-and-roll

jockeys. One jazz jockey named in the injunction said he never received any payola. His involvement came about, he said, when he wrote the liner notes for a locally produced album and was paid by check for his work.

All 21 signed decrees prepared by Blanc agreeing not to accept payola. But in signing the decrees, they made no admission of having taken payola. Nor did the distributors admit having handed out payola.

PHILLY TRADITIONALISTS LOSE, WIN, LOSE

Philadelphia's traditional-jazz fans rallied to the cause of Chris Albertson when the jazz jockey returned from an Iceland vacation to find that his Sunday afternoon "olde tyme jazz" program had been shelved by WHAT-FM.

The 24-hour jazz station, which leans heavily toward modern jazz, had received complaints of the strange sounds of Armstrong's Hot Five and other vintage music programed by Albertson, a Danish-born devotee of traditional jazz.

But the WHAT management quickly changed its mind when letters backing Albertson flooded the station. Plans to drop the program were killed.

The traditionalists suffered a new, perhaps more painful blow, however, when Albertson elected to take himself and his collection of 78s out of the scene. He took a job with Riverside Records to produce jazz albums and write liner notes. This leaves WHAT with the task of filling the Sunday afternoon spot.

Albertson, who came to the United States from Denmark several years ago, rediscovered blues singer Lonnie Johnson and former Duke Ellington guitarist Elmer Snowden in Philadelphia and took over management of both. They recently recorded albums for Prestige, and Albertson hopes to reassemble Snowden's old Harlem band, popular during the 1920s.

PETTIFORD'S DEATH STILL A MYSTERY

A reliable source in Copenhagen, Denmark, reveals that the exact cause of Oscar Pettiford's sudden death is still unknown to Danish medical specialists.

Copenhagen doctors are trying to make a complete diagnosis at the university clinic of neuropathology. This much has been released: the cause has been traced to a polio-like virus infection high in the spinal cord. The infection caused complete paralysis, including respiratory failure, and a pneumonia that finally killed the bassist.

A close New York friend of Pettiford's was advised by phone from Denmark at the time of the death announcement that the bassist had been

taken to Frederiksberg hospital on Sunday, Sept. 4, after playing a concert at the Copenhagen art exhibition.

He had been suffering with a sore throat, which looked like a strep infection to the physician attending him. The hospitalization reportedly was to protect Pettiford's three children from infection.

By Wednesday, the patient was completely paralyzed. Death came Thursday, Sept. 8. The doctors in the neurological department said they had never seen anything like it; the rapid development of the virus and the impossibility of stopping it baffled them. They performed an immediate autopsy because they suspected polio, but the results proved it was not polio. The death certificate was marked "cause of death unknown."

Pettiford suffered a skull fracture and concussion, as well as severe face and mouth lacerations, in an automobile accident in Austria late in 1958.

The bassist had written a friend in New York early last July that he had been having pressure pains in his head as a result of the accident. This report makes it difficult to rule out the delayed effects from the accident as being a contributing factor to his death. But the Danish doctors said, "The virus is not at all related to any automobile or bicycle accidents."

One report had been that Pettiford fell off a bicycle on his way home from the concert. This version indicated the bassist was not wearing the brace, which he had been required to use since the car accident, when he tumbled off the bicycle.

A month after Pettiford's death, a capacity crowd of 2,000 Danes packed the Tre Falke Teatret to pay tribute to the great bass and cello player at a memorial concert. The performance, held from midnight to 4 a.m., grossed around \$4,350.

The star of the show was tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, who was backed by a rhythm section made up of Bengt Hallberg, piano; Gunnar Johnson, bass; William Schioepffe, drums.

Early in the concert, a trio of young Danish musicians performed a group of Pettiford compositions, including *Bohemia After Dark* and *Swing Until the Girls Come Home*.

Proceeds from the concert, plus a \$260 donation received at preview screenings of the movie *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, will be put in a trust fund to educate Pettiford's two-year-old son Cello, and the eight-month-old twins, Celeste and Celina. Five Danes have been named to administer the fund.

It was Pettiford's last wish that the children live their lives in Denmark.

timmons in a tempest

By BARBARA GARDNER

A word long respected is beginning to gag in the throats of many music lovers: soul.

"It's overplayed, overused, oversaid, overdone, overemphasized, overeverything."

That is not a disgruntled outburst from a cool school musician but from one of the nation's leading exponents of the funky school, Bobby Timmons of the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers.

Not only is Timmons responsible for playing the hotly emotional piano with this group but he also has contributed heavily to the so-called soul movement by writing at least three hit tunes in the genre: *Moanin'*, *This Here*, and *Dat Dere*.

That this trend has apparently returned to haunt him is especially tormenting to the young pianist because of the corruption and commercialism rampant alongside sincere creation and accomplishment. He said:

"You can't take a thing like soul, as people who really understand know this thing—you can't take a thing like real soul and wrap it up in packages and sell it and say this is soul and that is not soul. It is not so easily determined as that.

"Soul is an innate thing in people. Some people do have it, and some don't. You can't just snatch it around and throw it around like it's nothing."

Not too many months ago the highest compliment paid any musician was to be called a soulful cat. At that time, the phrase implied sincerity and clarity of presentation, infinite communication for the artist. It also implied an equally sincere response from the listener. A musician used whatever technique he had developed to communicate a personal experience or musical thought to whomever would listen. That listening audience was an end product. The first consideration at that time was to "say something." Those persons who listened and understood and were able to translate the message into personal experiences were included in the fraternity as soul brothers.

Basically, this process has not changed. There have been bandwagon imposters who placed commercial success and audience response first, and there have been intruders who entered the sanctum to bestow rather than to

receive. Working beneath and beyond this furor, the creative jazz musician has continued to flourish.

"In order to appreciate soul," Timmons said, "you must have some of your own. And again, this is an innate thing in people. You have to have some instinctive understanding and feeling for jazz yourself. It has to emotionally disturb you for you to really dig it."

He thought a moment and then summarized succinctly:

"It takes a talented listener to really dig jazz."

He is not oblivious to the several latter-day groups sailing under the soul banner.

"Well, right now there are groups of people who jump at anything that they think is brand new or different," he lamented. "So many cats come out with a group and do the exact opposite of what everybody else is doing. That doesn't make it really different or new—it's just the opposite. Anybody can do the opposite if they hear enough of what is going on, but that doesn't make it new or good.

"You can't just decide to be soulful. The only thing you can decide is that



TIMMONS

you want to be a musician. If you have soul, it'll come out, it will happen. You decide to be a musician, and someone else decides to listen. If you have soul, neither of you will determine that. It will be there. And if the person listening has soul, he'll recognize it."

These are the personal expressions of a soul pianist-composer. According to a large number of soul-saturated critics, writers, and listeners, the days of the entire form are numbered. Recalling a recent adverse criticism aimed at Horace Silver, Timmons spoke firmly:

"Now, anybody who can't feel what Horace does and can't feel his innate soul is really in trouble. I feel very sorry for them. If they can't feel that, they're in pitiful shape."

Critical opinion has shifted heavily in recent months, and the label "soul" has been a virtual kiss of death. Timmons traces much of the responsibility for the confusion and inconsistencies to unprepared critics.

"Anybody who listens to a few records and knows somebody in the right position can become a critic the next day," he maintained bitterly. "Most of them never played anything in their lives. Why don't they hire some of the older musicians who know every stage of development young musicians go through?"

He added what he considers the additional handicap under which musicians are judged: the critics "are predominantly white, and there is a further incompatibility. They don't really know this music. Now how can they be critics for what we do? They're interpreting what good jazzmen say and play to millions of people, and they don't really understand what's happening themselves."

Timmons, at 24, has worked with groups led by such men as Maynard Ferguson, Chet Baker, Sonny Stitt, and Julian Adderley as well as Art Blakey. He has been favored as first-choice accompanist to the temperamental blues singer Dinah Washington. Timmons says he considers each of these jobs valuable experience. He considers adaptability a prime factor for a good musician.

"There's a lot of difference between a musician and an instrumentalist," he added. "The first point in being a good musician is to be able to play with everybody." But he readily admits that his first concern at the keyboard is to get the music across emotionally.

"I give much serious consideration to technical aspects of playing only when I am at home practicing or when I'm playing with people like that," he said.

The south Philadelphia jazzman said he considers the Jazz Messengers the first jazz group in the profession.

"There is really no other group to go to from here," he added. "I couldn't find anything in any other group that I can't find here. The most important thing with the Messengers is that you never have to worry about that swing. As long as Art's there, that's always there. So you can just go ahead and seek and search and probe new ideas and carry on."

Timmons evidenced concern for the subtle hostilities that ebb and flow between critic and musician, between critic and critic and between musician and musician and the unfortunate effect this has on the bystanding listener.

"Yeah," he said, "there's a helluva missing link somewhere along the line. It seems that the only real conveyance is actual playing. That's when you really get to the people, and there's a current running between you two. Nobody has to say anything or do anything, just feel."



AL GREY

By DON DeMICHEAL

Things were no better in Pottstown, Pa., in the early 1930s than they were anywhere else in the country, and Richard Grey Sr. was having a rough time trying to support his growing family on a music teacher's income. It wasn't the best way to earn a living, but, Grey, even with the depression's hardships, was a happy man.

He directed a boys and girls band, in which he took considerable pride, even devoting some of his own money to helping buy instruments. And then he had his family, probably an even greater source of happiness. He was particularly pleased with the accomplishments of his son Al, who had been playing the baritone horn since he was 4, since 1929.

Al's father is probably a proud man as well, now that Al has grown up to become recognized as one of the best trombonists in jazz.

Al was no child prodigy, no introvert who spent all his time after school practicing. "The old man had to whip me sometimes to make me practice," he recalled recently with affection. "I loved sports, but he was afraid I'd get hurt."

Practice he did, and improve he did, for before he had finished grade school Al was playing Eb tuba (he had switched from baritone by this time) well enough to play in the junior high school band in Pottstown. In high school—he was now playing trombone—he won the honor of being included in a 500-piece student band that was conducted by Leopold Stokowski at an Atlantic City student competition. Al gives much of the credit for his excellence in those days to his school bandmaster, Leroy Wilson.

But it was wartime when Al completed his high school studies, and he went into the navy as a musician. He found that though he considered himself a pretty good trombonist, it was hard to get into a band at the Great Lakes training center.

"Willie Smith and all those big guys were out there and would scare you to death they played so good," he said. "I had to go in the 'head' every morning

and practice. Still I couldn't get in the band until one of the cats went over the hill. I sat in, and they let me stay."

During his stay in the navy, Grey was stationed in Detroit and was discharged from there. Although he's not one of the Motor City jazzmen by birth, he can be thought of as one by association. While he was still in uniform, he sat in with the various men who have been tagged as members of the Detroit school that gained prominence during the 1950s. His big-league professional career also started there. The day after his discharge, Benny Carter, who was in town at the time, offered him a job in his big band. It was the first of several times that Grey's luck was working.

"All my life I'd dreamed of working in big bands," he said. "When I was a



kid in Pottstown, all the big bands would come to Sunnybrook ballroom, and I would peep in the window and watch. And now I had a chance to work with Benny Carter! Benny's band was my school. He taught me to read better and helped me find out how I wanted to play."

Grey stayed with Carter until the altoist decided to break up the band after several disputes, according to Grey, with the booking office.

But things have a way of breaking well for Al Grey. The last night the Carter band was together, Jimmie Lunceford dropped in the Boston spot where it was working. Lunceford usually didn't stay for more than one set when he was visiting other bands, but this night in 1946 he stayed through until the last set. By the end of the night, Lunceford had a new trombonist, and

Grey had a new job, one he kept until Lunceford died.

After a stay with the Joe Thomas-Eddie Wilcox version of the Lunceford band and a few months with Lucky Millinder, Al joined Lionel Hampton. His mates in the trombone section included Benny Powell and Jimmy Cleveland. He stayed until 1951—until Hamp fired him.

The story of how he was fired is still vivid in Al's memory:

"We were working in Cleveland. Each night it was 20 or 30 minutes overtime. This would have been okay if Hamp had said, 'Here's 10 bucks.' It would have been okay if he had just said, 'Thank you.' But he didn't even say that.

"Well, this particular night there were a lot of celebrities in the house. When time came to quit, he started introducing the guests, and then he went into *Flyin' Home*, which never lasted less than 15 or 20 minutes. I just got up and split. Then the rest of the trombone section left after me. When Hamp turned around to go into that trombone part"—here Al gave a vocal demonstration of the section of the arrangement he was talking about—"there wasn't anybody there. He was so mad he fired the whole trombone section. He paid me my two weeks, and I left the next day and went to New York. And the day after that I landed a job with Sy Oliver, who was doing a lot of recording studio work then. You should have seen the look on the Hampton band's faces when they came into New York and saw me sitting up there in a studio band."

The Grey luck had held again.

Al wasn't so lucky when he tried fronting his own band in 1952, however. He says it was a good big-little band, seven pieces, with arrangements by Milt Buckner and Quincy Jones, two of his colleagues in the Hampton band. But three years of trouble with bookers, playing rock-and-roll dates, and experiencing the insecurity of living a night-to-night existence, finally took their toll. He broke up the band.

Stays with Bull Moose Jackson and Arnett Cobb preceded Al's going with Dizzy Gillespie's last big band. Grey becomes enthusiastic when he talks of the Gillespie band:

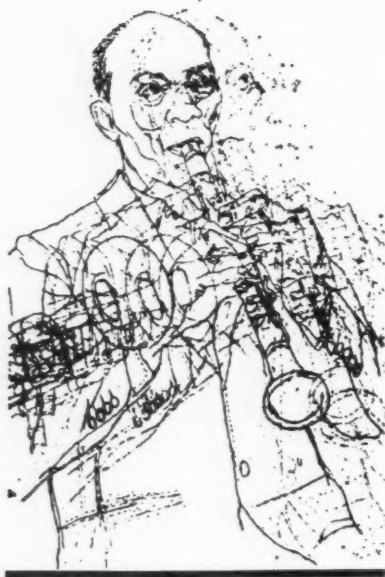
"That was a fascinating band; a real family band and a good one. Billy Mitchell, Benny Golson, Lee Morgan, Wynton Kelly, Charlie Persip . . . talk about a cookin' band!"

The Gillespie band was dissolved before long, and the reasons for its breaking up are perhaps as numerous as they are vague. Grey blames an impresario

(Continued on page 38)

ED HALL-

GENTLEMAN TRAVELER



By CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

Edmond Hall, one of the few remaining New Orleans-styled clarinetists still musically active, enjoys the respect and friendship of countless musicians young and old, irrespective of "school" or style.

Hall represents to them the finest in jazz tradition. But his place in jazz history is not the sole basis of his many friendships; his ease and warmth of personality, his uncompromising devotion to his chosen profession, as well as his lively interest in the world around him—today's world—have served to endear him to everyone.

Hall, while generally included in the lists of New Orleans clarinets, followed a somewhat different road than the from - Storyville - up - the - Mississippi - to - roaring - south-side - of - Chicago - to - fame route so eloquently depicted in the many jazz histories. No, Ed Hall didn't receive his training in the school of hard knocks that was Storyville; he came along a few years too late for that. His story points up, as more dramatic ones seldom do, the links jazz has with environments other than chipmops and honky-tonks.

Ed was born into a musical family in Reserve, La., a small town up-river from New Orleans, on May 15, 1901. His father was a clarinetist—he played with the legendary Onward Brass Band in the 1890s—and Ed's four brothers also played clarinet as well as other reed instruments. His two sisters sang—religious songs, usually, since the Halls were a church-going family. But an uncle used to bring home piano copies of the latest popular songs and play them for the family on his trumpet. "That's how we kept up with what was going on," Hall recently said.

One of his first jobs was with Thomas (Kid Thomas) Valentine's small band, and like many other young New Orleansians, he played in some of the many brass bands that abounded in the Crescent City at the time Ed was a teenager.

It wasn't necessary that the musician read music to play with these marching bands. Ed didn't read at all when he played his first marching job. He knew by heart much of the brass band repertoire and many of the hymns and dirges played at funerals.

Other sources of employment for New Orleans musicians at this time were lawn parties, advertising wagons, and dances, some of which were held in camps near Milneburg on Lake Ponchartrain. Some of the first interracial musical cutting contests took place at these camps.

Truck-borne hay rides took musicians

and visitors to the camps on Ponchartrain. Boardwalks led out to these camps, which were bungalows set on piles. Bands at adjacent camps fraternized, musically speaking: "We'd play a tune and they'd come right back at us—that's the way it was."

The clubs—fraternal and social organizations—also engaged bands for Monday night dances that the bands advertised on wagons the day before. The clubs also were the main means of support for the brass bands. There were many parades, and, of course, whenever a member died, the funeral procession included a band.

Among those with whom Ed played in New Orleans was Jack Carey, whose name has become associated with *Tiger Rag*. As Ed recalled, "They used to say, 'Won't you play Jack Carey?' That meant *Tiger Rag*. Jack did a trombone thing—triple tongue—and that's what made the tune famous."

Another man with whom Hall was associated in New Orleans was cornetist Buddy Petit. It was Petit who set the pattern for cornetists after Louis Armstrong left to join King Oliver in Chicago in 1922. His popularity was wide and the demands for his services great.

Danny Barker, the New Orleans guitarist, has recalled that the second-liners, the youngsters who followed the bands as they marched, would ask, "Can I shake your hand, Mr. Petit?" Barker also said that "on parades they'd be 10 deep around Buddie as he walked along blowing."

But Petit's popularity was his undoing. He had so much work booked months in advance that he began to farm out the jobs. It reached the point where Ed, who was brought up to count his pennies and who has a reputation even now for being a first-rate businessman, insisted that Petit give him \$2 of the \$5 deposit so he'd be sure of the cornetist's appearance.

Out-of-town jobs took Hall and Petit as far west as a chop suey restaurant in Galveston, Texas—where Pee Wee Russell and Leon Rappolo doubled on saxes and clarinet with Peck Kelly around the same time—and as far east at Pensacola, Fla., where the band broke up.

A drummer formerly with Petit, Abbie (Chinee) Foster, was with Matt (or Mack) Thomas and his Pensacola Jazzers. Hall and bassist Al Morgan joined the group. This was in the early 1920s.

The impact that these men made on the Florida jazz scene was great. Cannonball Adderley once described how bands with Hall and Cootie Wil-

Williams (whom Hall had heard in Mobile, Ala., when Williams was yet a teenager) still were being talked about in Florida when he was a child.

The association of Hall and Williams is little known. When Hall was with Eagle-Eye Shields' Band in the 1920s, he suggested Williams for a vacated trumpet chair. Williams' family allowed the teenaged trumpeter to go with the band only on Hall's promise that he would act as Cootie's guardian. Ed took his responsibilities so seriously that a year or so later when Alonzo Ross wanted Hall for his band, Ed told him, "You have to make room for Cootie."

In jazz terms, the Ross band could not compare to that led by Petit when Hall played in it. The Ross band, however, was facing the challenge of popular dance bands and was using the same orchestral approach as a much greater band—Fletcher Henderson's, which was beginning to make jazz history in New York.

While with Ross, Ed played a straight soprano sax, to blend with the other reeds. After the Ross job, he said, "I had to learn clarinet fingering all over again. I was so glad to get back to clarinet I gave the soprano sax away."

Nevertheless, it was this band that brought Cootie and Ed north, after the band's 1926 Victor records caught the ear of the manager of Roseland, New York City's famous ballroom. The manager booked them into his Brooklyn spot, the Rosemont ballroom.

At the end of the Brooklyn job, Ed and Cootie put in time playing at the Happyland Dancing school in Manhattan. Cootie was bailed out by Chick Webb, who'd heard him in an after-hours spot; Ed was saved by Billy Fowler.

In 1930, while he was playing clarinet and baritone sax with Charlie Skeets, the band gave the leader his notice, in a man-bites-dog twist, and took on pianist Claude Hopkins as the leader. With the genial Washingtonian at the helm, the band moved from one of the lesser dance halls of Harlem to the Savoy ballroom and from the Savoy to Roseland.

The men also went on tour. On one occasion, at a place near Little Rock, Ark., they played for a dance. When their time was up, the brasses, except for one trombonist, rushed out to the band bus to catch the Casa Loma band, which had its own radio broadcast from Roseland. Those who took more time to pack up were caught in a segregated squeeze play and forced to keep the music going—under the gun of a deputy sheriff.

After almost five years with Hopkins, 1930-35, and a brief period with Lucky Millinder, Hall was with Billy

Hicks' seven-piece band, playing at the Savoy. Listeners often crowded around the stand, not dancing. At the Savoy, that was a tribute.

It was while working with the Hicks band that John Hammond, who knew Hall's playing from the Hopkins band days, asked him to play on a Billie Holiday recording date as well as a date with Mildred Bailey. This seemed to be the break Ed needed, for shortly afterwards he was working with fellow New Orleanian Zutty Singleton and pianist Hank Duncan in a clarinet, piano, and drums trio at Nick's Greenwich Village club. He never returned to ballrooms and big bands again.

The Hall clarinet was heard in the best of company in the years following the Nick's job. He became almost a fixture at New York City's Cafe Society: in 1939 with pianist Joe Sullivan's fine band, which also backed just - in - from - Kansas - City Joe Turner on several records; 1942-44 with Teddy Wilson's group; finally he had his own small band there from 1944 to 1948, when he left to spend about a year at Boston's Savoy. His only leave of absence was his sojourn with Red Allen in 1940-41.

He has appeared in innumerable concerts, beginning with the Town hall seminars in home cooking produced by Eddie Condon. Hall also played in the band at Eddie's Manhattan bistro from 1950 to 1955. He left to join the Louis Armstrong All-Stars and stayed for three years—years that included movie making and red-beans-and-rice international diplomacy.

Beginning with his tour with Armstrong, Ed has been something of a globetrotter. Though his most recent African visit was disappointing—there was not the degree of serious interest in jazz among musicians that can be found in other countries—his earlier visit there will remain one of the most memorable of his career. That was when the all-stars played to their first African audience at the polo grounds in Accra, Ghana. Many listeners had come from tribal villages hundreds of miles distant and had never heard jazz before. As the vast crowd waited, ritual drums "talked"—introducing the all-stars.

In describing Ed's facility with groups, I bassist Arvell Shaw, who worked with him in the Armstrong all-stars, said, "With his strong and powerful but always pleasant tone, he's a perfect man for filling in. Also, he has perfect taste and knows how to please an audience without standing on his head."

As Shaw listened to a record of Armstrong and the all-stars made at the Brussels World's fair, he said, "Louis,

I remember, said it was such a lift when Ed came into the band. And that's true. He was just like an injection of vitamins. He brought fresh ideas into the band, and he and Louis went together like coffee and cream."

Teddy Wilson, that most jazz-knowledgeable music major out of Talladega college, describes Edmond Hall as one of his favorite clarinetists.


"There are two types of reed playing out of New Orleans," he observed. "One is mellow and legato, that rippling style of Noone and Bigard. The other—and Ed is the greatest exponent of it—is more of a biting style. It might be termed a *punchy* style." With a few of the great New Orleans clarinetists, such as Johnny Dodds and Hall, both aspects of N.O. style may be discerned.

Hall, who plays an Albert system clarinet (he says the more generally used Boehm system doesn't have as big a tone as the Albert), was quite active in recording studios during the 1940s—days of the 78-rpm disc.

Collector's items these days are historic sides made by Hall for Blue Note in 1941 with Meade Lux Lewis, celeste; Charlie Christian, guitar, and Israel Crosby, bass. Perhaps because too few present-day jazz fans know about them, there has been insufficient listener demand to warrant LP reissue of this and other Hall dates at Blue Note, such as one with Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, Carl Kress, and Johnny Williams.

The recordings Ed made for Commodore have fared better. His exuberant big tone on solos and his strong support in ensemble may be heard on *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?* in Wild Bill Davison's *Mild and Wild*. There is also, among recent Commodore reissues, a superb *Edmond Hall* album. While he was with the Armstrong all-stars, with whom he recorded several times, he helped to make the definitive jazz version of *Mack the Knife*, the one on which Louis' trumpet backs Louis' voice so effectively. He recorded with Vic Dickenson, the intrepid trombonist, on the latter's *Vic Dickenson Showcase* (Vanguard), and Vic joined him in the 1959 United Artists album *Petite Fleur*. In this set, which certainly bears out Teddy Wilson's remarks about Hall, there is the unmistakable sound of a New Orleans attack as Ed improvises on *Do Nothing 'Til You Hear from Me*.

Perhaps the best and most telling summation of Edmond Hall was offered by Wilson when he said, "When he picks up his clarinet, he plays with the freshness of a 17-year-old boy. I've never heard him play in a lackadaisical style."

"And I've never," Wilson chose his words carefully, "worked with a nicer musician in my life—ever." 

FUNK GROOVES SOUL FUNK GROOVES SOUL FUNK GROOVES SOUL FUNK GROOVES SOUL FUNK GROOVES SOUL FUNK GROOVES

By JOHN TYNAN

A couple of years ago, during the course of an interview with Jess Stacy, I played a record by the late Carl Perkins to get Jess' reaction. When it was over, he chuckled, shook his head, and said, "Yeah! He's got quite a bit of mud on 'im, doesn't he?"

In Stacy's lexicon this was high praise indeed. But if a jazzman of the youngest generation had reacted similarly to that record, he might have remarked that the playing had "plenty soul" and meant the same thing. A few years ago one could readily use the word "funk" or "funky" and rightly consider oneself the hippest of the hip. Thus, while terminology changes, meanings essentially do not.

The ever-changing jazz argot is consistent in one thing: Through the years the most cogent and expressive words and terms relating to *good* jazz have without exception been down to earth and colorful. Jazz is not sissy music. What could be more natural than that words like "funk," "dirty" and terms like "gut-bucket" and "down home" be indigenous to it?

Yet, in the not-so-distant past "jazz" itself was a dirty word. To "respectable" folk it connoted fast living and women of easy virtue. It was associated with bootleg booze, speakeasies, and a general let-the-good-times-roll outlook on life that provoked disdain and even outrage in middle-class citizens.

There is a basic quality in jazz that estranges the stuffed shirt—honesty. For all the now-popular reminiscences about the "Roaring '20s," that period was one of the stuffiest in American history. If society in the 1920s rocked to the roar of gangsters' tommy-guns and the nervous beat of the Charleston, it reclined in the shade of Harding and Coolidge and refused to be shaken out of its complacency even by the trials and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. In such a social climate it was impossible for jazz to be taken seriously as an art form. "Art" belonged in austere concert halls and hushed galleries and only the most enlightened and avant garde accepted Picasso, Joyce, and Bartok.

Paul Whiteman and George Gershwin, who loved jazz and listened often to Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, and other giants of the period, understood full well its esthetic essential. But they realized also that the real thing would not be accepted by a mass audience. The result was *Rhapsody in Blue* and the crowning of Whiteman as "King of Jazz."

I've never been able to go along with the recriminations of the jazz purists and their open season on Gershwin and Whiteman for trying to "make a lady of jazz." They had no choice. This is not to say, however, that I overlook the commercial exploitation of the "King of Jazz" nonsense. This was shrewd press agency, and if it did convey a false impression of jazz to the general public, there is no escaping the fact that the public during that period would not have accepted real jazz anyway.

Nor is this a defense of *Rhapsody in Blue* as jazz. If Gershwin loved jazz, capturing its essence was beyond him.

But his music had mass appeal, and his broad use of blue tonality helped educate the public ear and paved the way for today's wide acceptance of jazz.

In the public mind the image of jazz and its performers has always been adversely colored by its far-out (to the public) terminology. In the earlier days expressions such as "gut-bucket" and "dirty" conjured for the man in the street a distinctly negative impression. He didn't understand how on earth they could mean anything but "gut-bucket" and "dirty." If he heard a jazz musician described as "a dirty tenor man," it meant only that the musician needed a cleansing ablution.

Today there are different terms in usage. Take "funk" and "funky." Use the term before a southern Negro unfamiliar with the current jazz vocabulary and watch what happens. One will get you 10 he'll break up. I know because I tried it once.

The latest catchword, "soul," currently is riding high with jazz record buyers if one is to judge from the advertisements placed by some record companies. It must be a step in the right direction because the record companies never tried to push "Funk Jazz." But they *have* created "Soul Jazz" and it may be interesting to explore the connotation carried.

Despite an apparently growing impression, "soul" as a way of playing and the Gospel influence are not necessarily connected. And use of the term "soul" by some nationalist-minded Negroes with its implication of racial superiority in jazz confirms this. "Soul" simply means heart and conviction, an unconscious feeling for jazz roots that emerges in a musician's playing and makes it authentic.

"Funk" is another matter. One may play jazz soulfully and yet not become funky. Miles Davis is a perfect example of this. Yet, Miles, who epitomizes the so-called cool approach to jazz playing, can and constantly does out-funk all comers.

"Funk," then, may best be described as a broad use of blue tonality. Even Gershwin wrote funky figures, not only in the *Rhapsody* but in many of his popular songs. So did many other songwriters in an attempt to achieve a jazz feeling. For the most part, however, this has resulted in artificiality or, as Ira Gitler would put it, "homogenized funk." Funky playing, then, is nothing more than a technical device employed to achieve a desired emotional response in the listener. Without the conviction of soul supporting it, funk can only be spurious.

The role of the Gospel, or "holiness," influence in today's jazz will be short-lived for two reasons: first, it is musically limited; secondly, it takes its inspiration (or "soul," if you like) from a socially and culturally limited area, that of church worship. This is not the same as saying that all so-called church music is artistically limited. Art, when perfect, soars timelessly beyond all boundaries—as J. S. Bach's cantatas and Handel's oratorios eloquently attest. The difference is this: Bach, Handel, Stravinsky, and others wrote their

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religious works primarily and objectively as works of art. That they desired to worship their God in so creating was a sublime fulfillment of their spirits and eternal testimony to the nobility of man. But in objective terms it is as art that their works exist, just as it is as art that their works are evaluated.

Now the musical-religious expression of the American Negro's love of God as exemplified by spiritual and Gospel choirs plus the instrumental groups that frequently accompany them in church, is frequently beautiful and deeply moving. Its place as an influence in jazz, however, is debatable purely on esthetic grounds.

The blues is a limited form also, but it is a form uniquely suited to secular artistic expression. It is the foundation of jazz and any musician lacking a true understanding of the blues is doomed to failure as a jazz artist.

Mahalia Jackson, who does not wish to express herself as a jazz artist, refuses to sing the blues. She calls the blues "music of despair" and confines her great gift to church music. I don't dispute her conviction but I do question her opinion.

It is not difficult to understand why Negro jazzmen have infused the "holiness" influence into their music. The motivation, in my opinion, can be traced more to racialistic feelings as Negroes than to the further development of jazz as art. It is as if they hurl the challenge at their white colleagues: "Copy this, if you can." The Gospel feeling is indisputably theirs, and they know it.

I can understand the hostility of many white musicians toward this "pulpit jazz." The spirit of it is alien to the majority of them and, if they strove to imitate it, they would be deluding themselves.

The lay jazz public, by and large, is bound by no such psychological and cultural restriction. "Pulpit jazz" enjoys such wide appeal today because of its abandon, its pulsating drive, and its infectious good humor. The total lack of restraint in authentic Gospel choral singing is the most communicable feeling in the world. This is its strength and its religious purpose. It virtually demands total participation in the emotional experience of worshipping God. Adapted to jazz, it communicates to the listener a similar feeling of the need to participate.

This is a healthy restoration of a basic prerequisite in jazz that was lost in the be-bop revolution and banished almost beyond recall during the Cool Era. It is the chief virtue of the "holiness" trend. I believe it will leave its mark on the music long after the present "Ah-men" clichés have worn out their welcome.

That a restoration of deep emotional expression by musician and listener alike is keenly hungered for is most evident in the almost fanatical popularity of Ray Charles. The effectiveness with which this man communicates with an audience must be seen and heard to be believed. At a one-night stand in late August at the Hollywood Palladium,



6,016 fans paid \$18,048 to attend what became almost a religious meeting. Charles, working on a percentage, went away with a reported \$9,100. The promoter, Hal Zeiger, paid \$1,000 to rent the ballroom for the evening and laid out double that in carefully selected radio promotion.

Observing the crowd was an unforgettable experience. From Charles' first opening wail, the mass of jam-packed humanity howled its joy. In groups they sang, chanting along with him. They stood on tables and waved hands above their heads in utter abandon. Even the sides of the bandstand were packed with admirers who wanted to get as close to Charles as they possibly could. On a raised platform to the right of the stand, normally used for a relief trio at dances, a young white couple began dancing until stopped by a ball-room guard.

When the singer launched into *Let the Good Times Roll* a deep-throated roar of recognition went up. All over the ballroom floor hands and arms, grouping like lost souls striving for heaven, reached up from the mass. Hysteria born of almost holy fervor gripped the crowd.

Between shows Charles admirers parked themselves among the instruments on the bandstand, sitting silently behind the drawn stage curtain like pilgrims at a shrine.

What Ray Charles possesses is the power to reach and probe deep into the souls of his people. As I watched in lost fascination, I sensed an emotional, even spiritual desperation in the mass reaction and the response to his artistry. He was as a messiah, and his message of deliverance was song.

It is true that the vast majority of those who paid \$3 a person to hear Charles probably were not regular jazz listeners. But it is also true that every Los Angeles jazz musician who could possibly make it was at the Palladium that night or at the Five-Four ballroom on Los Angeles' south side where Charles appeared the following evening.

Funk? Soul? Dirty blues? Yes, Ray Charles embodies these terms. He is in fact, their personification. Jazz—or rhythm and blues? Does it really matter?

In 1960 "jazz" as an image-word is accepted in salons and drawing rooms from Sutton Place to Telegraph Hill. The word and the music are no longer anathema to the "respectable"—at least, not to as many. It is now *de rigueur* for beatnik and baroness to bandy the earthy terminology with unblinking casualness and to discuss at length "the enigma of Miles Davis." (It used to be Dave Brubeck, but apparently he's become passé.) In some exalted circles it is as much as one's status is worth not to be conversant with the idiosyncrasies of Thelonious Monk, the formidability of Charlie Mingus or the surreality of Ornette Coleman.

There will always be words like "funk" and "soul" in the jazz dictionary because the music, unlike any other art form, seems to inspire them. As old terms fade from usage, new ones will be born. They will always be colorful and somehow breathe the spirit of this music and of the people who give it life.



OUT OF MY HEAD



BY GEORGE CRATER

Did you ever get the feeling that you were a piece of Goldenwheat dinnerware in a large-sized box of Duz? Well I did.

I've finally made the grade, I guess—I'm a premium! I've joined the ranks of Leonard Feather's *Book of Jazz*, the *Down Beat Hall of Fame LP*, back issues of *Down Beat Record Review Annuals*, several books by André Hodeir and a six-part arrangement of William Russo's *The Daffodil's Smile*.

As of a couple of issues ago, all you had to do was order a year's subscription to *Down Beat*; promise to boo Nat Hentoff whenever he appears on the *Robert Herridge Theater*; report the Kingston Trio to your local FBI office for subversion; wear a coat and tie while listening to Modern Jazz Quartet records; see a Gerry Mulligan movie at least once a year; turn over all obscene mail to your postmaster; scream, "*Bring back the bands!*" twice a day; laugh when someone says Birdland is the jazz corner of the world; contribute to the bring-religion-to-Ira-Gitler fund, and send seven bucks to *Down Beat*—and you'd be sent, at absolutely no cost, a copy of the *Out of My Head* record.

Frankly, I wish they'd consulted with me before going ahead with the deal; I've got a much better idea. Write directly to me, order 26 copies of the *Out of My Head* album, and I'll send you absolutely free and at no additional cost, a copy of *Down Beat*!

It's been a groove to watch little European automobile makers hang up the huge Detroit chrome merchants. A wild thought came to mind the other night. Detroit is in a slight panic, and the cars keep getting smaller and smaller. Now wouldn't it be wild if, when the domestic cars are finally small and compact, Europe broke up and came out with a big car!

That magazine with the chicks in the middle came out with its jazz poll in the October issue, and I still can't figure out why it wasn't listed under *satire*.

Naturally there's a place to write in your choice on each instrument, but a list of nominees is printed, too, and by all appearances, at least one member of the nominating board is a raving lunatic! A few of the jazz greats nominated and listed are Ray Anthony, Ray Coniff, Hymie Shertzer, Don Shirley, Eddie Condon, Tony Mottola, Brook Benton, Pat Boone, Perry Como, Roy Hamilton, Frankie Laine, Connie Boswell, Eartha Kitt, Patti Page, Pat Suzuki, Dukes of Dixieland, Firehouse Five Plus Two, the Cadillacs, Four Lads, Ink Spots, Kingston Trio, McGuire Sisters, Mills Brothers, Modernaires, Moonglows, Platters, and the Kirby Stone Four.

Next they'll probably replace the chicks in the middle with male models in polo shirts, and then what will we have left?

That bet reminds me that about a month ago, I heard the Jose Melis Band play *A Night in Tunisia* on the *Jack Paar Show*. After one chorus, it was fairly obvious that Jose and Dizzy were there on different nights.

My Ira Gitler Do-It-Yourself Record Review Kit should be in the stores next week. It comes complete with 96 pre-written put-downs (just insert name of artist), a one-star rubber stamp, a bulletproof vest, a lifetime plastic *Soul Detector*, six sure-fire disguises, and a fast black Chevrolet sedan.

I tried that Bill Potts wart-removal method (cop some bacon from somebody's refrigerator, rub it on the wart, and hide it under a rock), and so far, I've been put down by one of my best friends for copping his bacon; I've received a summons from the sanitation department for litter-bugging, and I've got the greasiest wart on 52nd St.

There's a story going around New York, and, true or untrue, it sure is a break-up. It seems the mysterious Sonny Rollins reappeared on the scene and visited Thelonious Monk at the Jazz Gallery, where Monk was working. After a while of digging the music and talking with Monk, Rollins decided to leave, and Monk offered to walk him to the door. After a few more words at the door, Monk closed the conversation with: "Sonny, thanks for coming by, and it sure is groovy to see you're not nuts like they've been saying . . ."

Things to do next week:

1. Tell Jimmy Smith *Young Doctor Malone* is auditioning organ players.
2. Order more munster cheese, saltines, and J&B.
3. Check out rumor that Kasavubu will join Herbie Mann's group.
4. Tell ABC-TV that *Huckleberry Hound* should be put on the air on Friday nights as the adult cartoon show and *The Flintstones* should be given to the kids!
5. Practice calling Bill Russo "William."
6. Wind up my Mad Bomber Wind-Up Doll and aim it toward Birdland.
7. Forget Nos. 8, 9, and 10.



deebee's scrapbook # 35



"First thing we do is take all the Basie charts and write lyrics to them . . ."

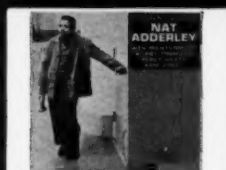
ED SHERMAN

Soul Is Where You Find It...and you'll find it on Riverside.

"Soul music" is rapidly becoming the most discussed (and most widely enjoyed) jazz form of 1960.

Call it "funky," "earthy" or "down home" — that's part of it. Discuss, if you feel like discussing, the role played by the blues and by gospel music — both are definitely important elements in it. But with all the talk, there is inevitably a certain amount of confusion as to exactly what is and what is not soul. With soul music so much in demand, there are quite a few people jumping onto the bandwagon who don't really belong there. As the words of the old spiritual put it — everybody talking about Heaven ain't going there!

It occurs to us that, without our having particularly planned it that way, large chunks of the RIVERSIDE catalogue offer an excellent practical definition of SOUL in its various aspects. There is, above all, the most soulful music of CANNONBALL ADDERLEY (for details, turn the page); and there is the startlingly new BIG SOUL-BAND sound of JOHNNY GRIFFIN. And there is this whole host of RIVERSIDE albums and artists, to help you discover precisely what SOUL MUSIC is all about —



NAT ADDERLEY
Work Song
(12-318; Stereo 1167)



BOBBY TIMMONS
This Here Is Bobby Timmons
(12-317; Stereo 1164)



SAM JONES
The Soul Society
(12-324; Stereo 1172)



JOHNNY GRIFFIN
The Big Soul-Band
(12-331; Stereo 1179)



BOBBY TIMMONS
Soul Time
(334; Stereo 9334)



WES MONTGOMERY
Jazz Guitar of Wes Montgomery
(12-320; Stereo 1169)



MANGIONE BROTHERS
The Jazz Brothers
(335; Stereo 9335)



JIMMY HEATH
Really Big
(12-333; Stereo 1188)

in review

● RECORDS ● JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE ● BLINDFOLD TEST ● CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.
Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] means stereo.

CLASSICS

Callas/Donizetti

■ LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR—Angel S-35831; highlights of Donizetti's opera, extracted from Angel's two-record set.

Personnel: Maria Callas, soprano; Ferruccio Tagliavini, Leonard Del Ferro, tenors; Piero Cappucci, baritone; Bernard Ladysz, bass; Margreta Elkins, mezzo-soprano. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Tullio Serafin.

Rating: ★★★★★

Here, on one well-engineered stereo disc, is virtually all the worthwhile music from Gaetano Donizetti's potboiler, sung most notably by Miss Callas but also with unexpected vigor and quality by Tagliavini, who had not been heard from in a major recording for years.

Callas' Lucia, of course, has been one of her great interpretations, and it is easy to overlook screeched C's and B flats in the presence of dramatic artistry such as this.

The performance as a whole is a light year beyond and above such collections of operatic excerpts, containing enough of the opera to satisfy anyone but a devoted Donizetti or Callas fancier. (D.H.)

Ricci/Paganini

■ PAGANINI CAPRICES—London CM-9244. Personnel: Ruggero Ricci, violin.

Rating: ★★★★★

It is seldom these days that any violinist plays the 24 caprices that make up Paganini's *Opus 1*; it is possible to attend recitals for years without hearing more than two or three. The reason is simply that many of them demand a technique that no more than two or three violinists now in action command (and even these two or three do not often risk playing the more strenuous caprices in public).

Ricci is to be granted a gold star for raw courage, then, before he draws the bow across the strings at all. And the engineering that packed all 24 pieces on one disc puts this release in the bargain category. If the performances are, to no one's surprise, less than ideal in every case, perhaps two-thirds of these murderous works are treated handsomely from the technical standpoint.

In others, however, Ricci defeats himself by attempting tempos he cannot bring off successfully and by playing with an astonishing crudity. He treats some items as no more than especially challenging exercises. As a demonstration of what is missing here, try comparing young Jaime Laredo's performance of the 13th caprice with Ricci's. The former is a musician; the latter is a virtuoso. (D.H.)

Stern/Brahms

■ BRAHMS VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR—Columbia ML-5468 [S] and MS-6135 [S]. Personnel: Isaac Stern, violin; Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

Rating: ★★★★★

Nothing but his having done this work so often and so well in the past could keep Stern from astonishing everyone with such a performance as this. Familiarity, even with greatness, can breed distortion.

To put Stern's Brahms back in perspective, let it be said simply that there is no more well-rounded picture of this concerto to be purchased today than the one on this record.

Somehow the soloist summons up warmth and a meaty, singing tone without sounding sentimental or brainlessly sensuous, and it is only on replaying that one is able really to grasp the accuracy and musicianship of his work and the rightness of his conception. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Charlie Barnet

■ JAZZ OASIS—Capitol ST 1403: *It's Only a Paper Moon*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Take the "A" Train*; *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; *Let the Good Times Roll*; *In a Mellow Tone*; *Night and Day*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Rosetta*; *Jive at Five*; *Charlie's Blues*.

Personnel: Barnet, alto, tenor, soprano saxophones; unidentified rhythm section.

Rating: ★★★★★

The relaxed, congenial atmosphere here is noteworthy. The recorded-live-at-Palm-Springs date captures the warm rapport between Barnet and the audience.

Barnet makes no bones about whose "bag" he's in. One glance at the titles forewarns the listener that Barnet is still on the Ellington bandwagon.

The many tunes are handled crisply and with polish. Barnet changes horns as easily as a chameleon changes colors. He reflects the image and ideas of his mentors and inspirations Johnny Hodges and Coleman Hawkins. This does not negate the fact that there is much exuberant Barnet in evidence, but exuberance and skillful blending of creation and imitation is a shaky foundation on which to build a truly great jazz image.

The tunes are short and to the point. They reach whatever climax they achieve quite early. The Charlie Barnet recorded here impressed me as a lecturing veteran showing off his mettle and reminding us of his contribution to the total scrimmage—"and then I played . . ."

In spite of these handicaps, the album is well executed and is good listening for those who like to reminisce and for those

who enjoy the brief, swinging message. (B.G.)

Count Basie

■ NOT NOW, I'LL TELL YOU WHEN—Roulette (Birdland) R 52044: *Not Now, I'll Tell You When*; *Rare Butterfly*; *Back to the Apple*; *Ol' Man River*; *Mama's Talkin' Soft*; *The Daly Jump*; *Blue on Blue*; *Swinging at the Waldorf*; *Sweet and Purty*.

Personnel: Basie, piano; Marshall Royal, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Billy Mitchell, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones; Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Snookie Young, probably John Anderson, trumpets; Henry Coker, Benny Powell, Al Grey, trombones; Freddie Green, guitar; Ed Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album doesn't really rear on its hind legs until the third track, *Apple*, a Basie original loyal to his own tradition and without any of the little affectations that have been becoming more and more evident in the band's work of late.

Inevitably, these affectations crop up as the horizons of the various writers are extended. Sometimes they are effective and musically valid; sometimes they flop. In any event, as a case in point, listen to the ending of the title number here. It is tricked up to the point of silliness.

Now to the matter of bombast. *Ol' Man River*, which closes the first side, is the kind of flagwaver that fits best on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. It is fast, furious, thunderous, and has nothing whatever to do with Bill Basie, Kansas City Swinger. But it's show biz to the hilt. Even Foster's *Butterfly*, a cheeky line touched lightly by flute and some gusty brass passages, doesn't quite compensate for the showoffiness of *River*.

Mama's, an outing for bassist Jones, was rescued by trumpeter Thad from the discard for the musical *Gypsy* and given a relaxed if not too distinguished scoring. Also arranged by Thad were *Not Now* and *Sweet*.

Green's *Daly Jump* is a simple ensemble line in the old style of the mid-1930s with holes for some good trumpet and tenor solos. *Blue*, contributed by tenorist-flutist Wess, is in more sprightly vein with some soaring trumpet highs. His *Waldorf* is in more conventional Basie mold, a clean romper with accent on easily moving ensemble passages. The final *Sweet and Purty* is almost a standard dance piece, with the sections countering each other and saxes dominating.

While there is much better Basie available, there are some pleasant—but rarely exciting—moments in this set. (J.A.T.)

Bob Brookmeyer

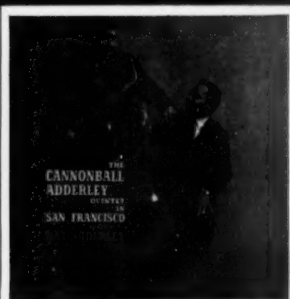
■ PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST—Atlantic 1320: *Blues Suite*; *It Don't Mean a Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing)*; *Mellow Drama*; *Out of Nowhere*; *Darn That Dream*.

Personnel: Brookmeyer, valve trombone, piano; Frank Rehak, trombone; Ernie Royal or Irvin

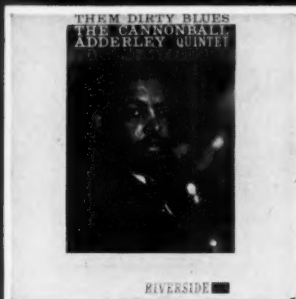
Soul Is Where You Find It...and you'll find it with Cannonball

(on Riverside, of course).

"Soul music" at its warmest, most joyous, earthily swinging best is typified for many thousands of listeners by the sound of CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, particularly in combination with his sensational new Quintet. The group has packed them in at concerts and festivals and in clubs all across the country, and is undoubtedly the single most important reason for the jazz public's tremendous surge of interest in SOUL.



THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO
(Introducing the Number One soul-tune: "This Here")
(12-311; Stereo 1157)



Them Dirty Blues
THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET
(RLP 12-322; Stereo 1170)



Things Are Getting Better
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY,
with MILT JACKSON, Art Blakey, Wynton Kelly, Percy Heath
(12-286; Stereo 1128)

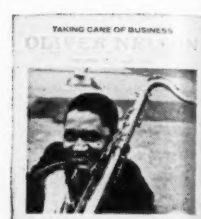
PRESTIGE / NEW JAZZ



GONE WITH GOLSON NJLP8235
benny golson



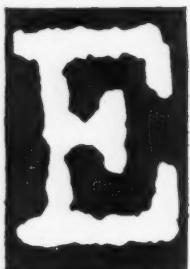
OUTWARD BOUND NJLP8236
eric dolphy quintet



TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS NJLP8233
oliver nelson



THE NEW SCENE OF KING CURTIS NJLP8237



WINCHESTER SPECIAL NJLP8223
lem winchester quintet



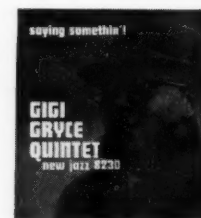
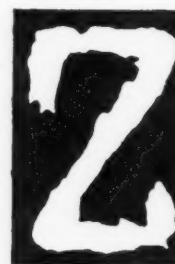
CRY! TENDER NJLP8234
yusef lateef



GROOVIN' WITH GOLSON NJLP8220
benny golson



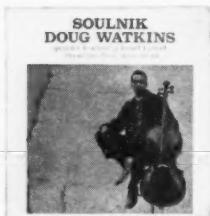
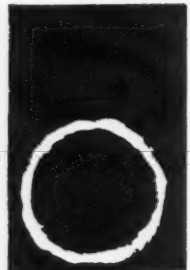
RAY BYRANT TRIO NJLP8227
ray bryant trio



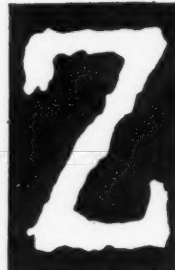
SAYING SOMETHIN' NJLP8230
gigi gryce quintet



GOOD FEELIN' NJLP8229
johnny "hammond" smith



SOULNIK NJLP8238
doug watkins with yusef lateef



MEET OLIVER NELSON NJLP8224
oliver nelson quintet

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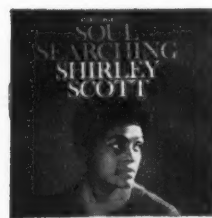
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gene ammons



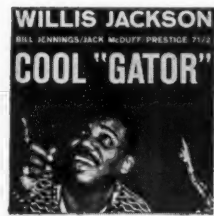
BACALAO PRLP7178
eddie "lockjaw" davis



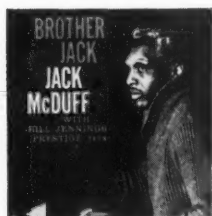
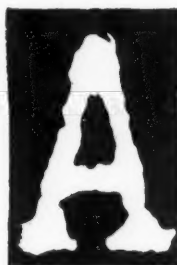
SOUL SEARCHING PRLP7173
shirley scott



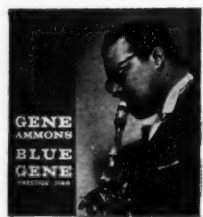
MORE PARTY TIME PRLP7175
arnett cobb



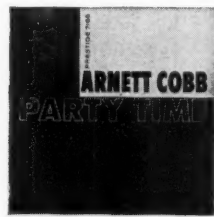
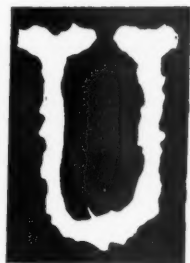
COOL "GATOR" PRLP7172
willis jackson



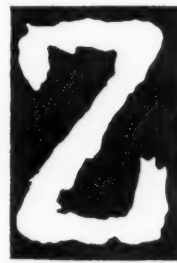
BROTHER JACK PRLP7174
jack mc duff



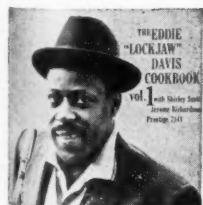
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**DESPITE OPPOSITION OF CRITICS
PRESTIGE GAVE BIRTH TO SOUL JAZZ!**

PRESTIGE RECORDS, INC. • 203 SO. WASHINGTON AVE., BERGENFIELD, N. J.

Markowitz, Bernie Glow or Nick Travis or Ray Copeland, trumpets; Earl Chapin or John Barrows, French horn; Don Butterfield or Bill Barber, tuba; Gene Quill, alto saxophone and clarinet; Al Cohn, tenor saxophone, or Danny Bank, flute, bass clarinet, baritone saxophone, or Gene Allen, tenor, baritone saxophones; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The portrait that emerges from this disc reveals a trombonist with a strong feeling for gutty, down-home stomping and a somewhat questionable sense of what constitutes musical humor; a pianist who ranges from a basic, solid, four-square attack to an airily rhythmic style; a composer who is strongly conscious of the foundations of jazz, and an arranger who tends to write in tight, constricted patterns that inhibit the essential swing at which he appears to be aiming.

The first three movements of Brookmeyer's *Blues Suite* are spotted with moments of interest—a provocative voicing of reeds and brass in the first movement; a suggestive panorama of early jazz devices in the second movement including a wailing train, a piano figure out of Jelly-Roll Morton's *The Pearls*, and a passing reflection of Duke Ellington's *East St. Louis Toodle-00*, and, in the third movement, Brookmeyer's comping-style piano solo.

All three sections, however, are cramped by a stiffness that detracts from their potential. Only in the fourth and final movement does Brookmeyer, as composer and arranger, achieve the ensemble looseness that makes the piece come to swinging life.

The four remaining pieces are full of commendable attempts to get away from routine ideas, but none is satisfactorily resolved.

Nowhere is the least pretentious and the most fully realized, sparked by Brookmeyer's casual noodling into the melody on valve trombone. *Mellow* is a pastiche of impressionistic devices that owes considerable to the Gil Evans approach, while *Darn* gets tangled in interweaving lines. *It Don't Mean a Thing* is, in a way, a portrait of the artist in microcosm—ideas are thrown into it with such indiscriminate abandon that, even though some of them are effective, one is left with an impression of clutter.

Brookmeyer, in this portrait, seems to be a musical Thomas Wolfe who needs the guiding hand of a Maxwell Perkins to bring him into proper focus. (J.S.W.)

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

■ BACALAO—Prestige 7178: *Last Train from Overbrook*; *Sometimes I'm Happy*; *That Old Black Magic*; *Fast Spiral*; *Dobbin' with Redd Foxx*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Dancero*; *When Your Lover Has Gone*.

Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums; Ray Barretto, conga drum; Luis Perez, bongos, conga drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The formula of Jaws' tenor, Miss Scott's organ, and Afro-Cuban percussion reportedly is proving highly successful in terms of sales for the pair. Bacalao maintains the same ingredients—"hard" swing, extensive solo work by tenor and organ, and the ever-present congas and bongos.

While Davis is a rough, tough, and uncompromising tenorist of the no-nonsense school, his improvisations tend to reveal a sameness of approach and, even, invention after repeated listening. There is much of

Coleman Hawkins in his playing—the manliness of his tone and the frequent bursts of passion surging up from the low register—and this is not to be discounted in the least. It's healthy and vigorous and frequently stimulating.

Miss Scott continues to improve as a jazz expressionist of the organ. She attacks fiercely, stabbing out background commentary and taking off like an eagle in her solos, utilizing the entire range of the instrument. Moreover, her playing in this set shows a developing sense of economy and a refusal to fall into the trap of flashy glissandi that heretofore was evident. She entered the league of cooks some time ago and now appears to be consolidating her position.

One of the best tracks in this album is James Moody's *Overbrook*. Davis tackles it with short, direct phrases, laconic, spare and forceful, that makes for a compelling effect.

Black Magic is hardly inspiring as a jazz selection, but it's taken up-tempo for a happy and blustering picnic. *Spiral* is a furious getaway with Davis switching on the afterburners and racing through chorus after molten chorus until Scottie dashes in to chase all the blues away. *Dobbin'* is a curious marching line, sounding as if it were taken from a hip Sigmund Romberg operetta—if that can be imagined. As with *Come Rain*, it settles down into straight 4/4 blowing after a stiff opening chorus.

Dancero follows a similar pattern—opening chorus, blowing by tenor and organ with Afro-Cuban percussion clapping in the background, and then the out chorus. This is the pattern for the whole session—simple, direct but wearing a little by the end of the album.

Duvivier and Edgehill provide diligent service in the time-keeping department, and the Afro-Cuban percussion doesn't get in the way at all. (J.A.T.)

Jimmy Heath

■ ■ REALLY BIG!—Riverside 333: *Big "P"*; *Old-Fashioned Fun*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Mona's Mood*; *Dai Dere*; *Nails*; *My Ideal*; *The Picture of Heath*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Nat Adderley, cornet; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Dick Berg, French horn; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Heath, tenor saxophone; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone; Cedar Walton or Tommy Flanagan, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One of the objectives that Heath was working for with this 10-piece band was to get both a big-band sound and the loose feeling of a small group.

He wrote six of the arrangements and with McIntosh, who wrote two, not only hit this ambivalent goal but has used it also as the basis for several good pieces in a big-band vein.

Nails and *Big "P"* epitomize the mixture of gutty, urgent swing over a loose, pliable foundation. *Dolphin* is light, as befits a ballad, but still strongly rhythmic, while *My*

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, folk, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Chicago (Mercury MG 20449 or 60134)
Miles Davis-Gil Evans, *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL 1480)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Max Roach, *Quiet as It's Kept* (Mercury 20491)

★ ★ ★ ★

Cannonball Adderley, *Them Dirty Blues* (Riverside RLP 12-322)
Charlie Byrd, *Jazz at the Showboat, Vol. 3* (Offbeat 3006)
Kenny Burrell, *A Night at the Vanguard* (Argo 655)
Paul Chambers, *Chambers Jazz: A Jazz Delegation from the East* (Score SLP-4033)

Marge Dodson, (vocal) *New Voice in Town* (Columbia CL 1458)
Gigi Gryce, *Sayin' Something* (New Jazz 8230)
Barry Harris at the Jazz Workshop (Riverside RLP 326)
Coleman Hawkins with the Red Garland Trio (Prestige/Swingville 2001)
Yusef Lateef, *Cry! Tender* (Prestige/New Jazz 8234)
Shelly Manne and His Men at the Black Hawk, Vol. 1 (Contemporary M3577)
Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Cool Heat* (Verve MG VS-6046)
King Pleasure, (vocal) *Golden Days* (Hifijazz J 425)
André Previn, *Like Previn!* (Contemporary 3575)
Ma Rainey, (vocal) *Broken-Hearted Blues* (Riverside RLP 12-137)
Shirley Scott, *Soul Searching* (Prestige 7173)
The Happy Jazz of Rex Stewart (Prestige-Swingville 2006)
The Return of Roosevelt Sykes (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1006)
Various Artists, *Jazz Scene 1* (Epic 16000)
Bob Wilber, *New Clarinet in Town* (Classic Editions CJ 8)

Ideal, taken as a slow ballad, features a wiry, tender solo by Heath and an interesting piano interlude by Walton.

The other pieces are less successful, sometimes because of fuzzy, heavy arranging (McIntosh's *Dat Dere*) or drab soloing by the leader (*Picture; Fun, and Mona's Mood*).

Clark Terry makes several pleasant appearances; Nat Adderley is heard from briefly, but Cannonball is strictly an ensemble man. (J.S.W.)

John Jenkins-Cliff Jordan-Bobby Timmons

■ JENKINS, JORDAN AND TIMMONS—New Jazz 8232: *Cliff's Edge; Tenderly; Princess; Soft Talk; Blue Jay*.

Personnel: Jordan, tenor saxophone; Jenkins, alto saxophone; Timmons, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The five long workouts that make up this disc were apparently recorded a couple of years ago, judging by interior indications in the playing and implications in Ira Gitler's craftily worded notes. Timmons, in these performances, had not yet developed much individuality although he works out an interesting and unusual solo made up of implied breaks on *Tenderly*. In general, however, his role is simply that of pianist on a blowing session for two saxophonists, and his promotion to top billing seems to be more the result of his recent commercial success than of his position in this group.

Unfortunately, neither Jordan nor Jenkins is a particularly compelling saxophonist. Jenkins favors a hard, dry tone and short, sharp phrases, but he shows little ability to sustain or develop a solo.

Jordan's sound is warmer, and he is more inclined to hold something in reserve as he works out his ideas. But although Jordan and Jenkins achieve some fire and bite when they are playing together in ensembles, their solos are long and arid. (J.S.W.)

Wynton Kelly

■ KELLY AT MIDNIGHT—Vee Jay 3011: *Temperance; Weird Lullaby; On Stage; Skatin'; Pot Luck*.

Personnel: Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

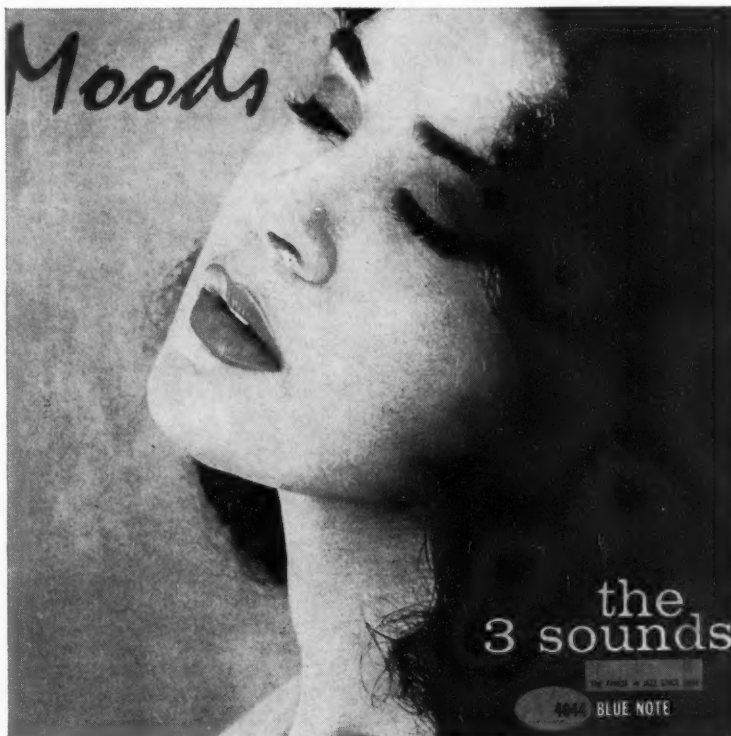
Kelly is a model modern mainstream pianist—in tune with the times without being choked by the clichés of the moment. His single-note lines are bright and airy, and he can dig in with both hands when he wants to. Similarly, Chambers is a consistent, straight-down-the-middle, no-nonsense bassist.

Jones, however, is much more erratic. When he finds the right groove, he can be a tremendously strong, propulsive support, a role he plays well on *Weird Lullaby; On Stage*, and the early portions of *Pot Luck*. But he is just as likely to get out of balance in as delicately adjusted a group as this. That is what happens on *Temperance* and *Skatin'*, both of which are clobbered by his obtrusive up-staging.

Kelly remains a disarming and pleasant pianist through it all. (J.S.W.)

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Lee Morgan

HERE'S LEE MORGAN—Vee Jay 3007: *Terrible 'T'; Mogie; I'm a Fool to Want You; Running Brook; Off Spring; Bess.*
 Personnel: Morgan, cornet; Cliff Jordan, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Morgan, the 22-year-old enfant terrible from Philadelphia, heads a blowing session here distinguished by (a) an excellent rhythm section, (b) Jordan's tenor, (c) Kelly's piano, and (d) his own burgeoning horn style.

The trumpeter (or cornetist, if you will), for all his facile technique, still reveals a disunity of ideas, a lack of structural balance in his improvisations. He indulges in an understandable (because of youth) direct outpouring of ideas without the sense of form and construction that only jazz

maturity and experience brings. But he's still a strong young voice on his horn, one of the most compelling in recent years.

On the ballad *Fool* he proves a relaxed and delicate improviser, handling his muted solo and obligati behind Jordan with restraint and taste. His most undisciplined solo, however, is on Milt Jackson's *Spring*, during which he seems to get quite lost and resorts to wildness.

Jordan is strong, authoritative, and frequently very persuasive in a Coltrane vein. Still, a paucity of ideas comes through the potent expressionism and the hard, unsentimental approach to his horn.

Bess, one of Morgan's three originals in the album (the others: *Terrible* and *Mogie*), not only has the best work by the horn man but generally is also the most

satisfying track of the set. Kelly, as he does throughout, plays with impeccable, yet salty, taste; Morgan is most cohesive and persuasive.

Blakey, when not obtruding with bombs on bass drum or blasts on the snare, is, as always, the best with time. Chambers restricts himself to few solos, pizzicato at that.

Young Morgan has still quite a piece to go before maturing as a jazzman, but it is frequently pleasant, sometimes fascinating, observing him traveling to his destination. (J.A.T.)

Oliver Nelson

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS—New Jazz 8233: *'Trane Whistle; Doxy; In Time; Lou's Good Dues; All the Way; Groove.*

Personnel: Nelson, tenor, alto saxophone; Lem Winchester, vibraphone; Johnny (Hammond) Smith, organ; George Tucker, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Nelson, who was featured on tenor saxophone in his first LP (*Meet Oliver Nelson*, New Jazz 8224), does most of his work on alto in this set. He has a rich purity of tone; a direct, uncluttered attack, and a singing projection that mark him as one of the most impressive saxophonists playing these days.

He opens *All the Way* with an unaccompanied solo that is a gem—beautifully controlled and projected with lovely, sensitive precision. There is no flash or showiness about it, no look-ma-no-hands attitude—just exquisitely singing music that is carried over into the next chorus when the rhythm section comes in behind him.

On *Doxy*, too, he shows this glowingly singing quality. But he also has a vibrant strength with which he builds his solos on more rugged pieces, such as *'Trane*. He is not just a blower but a builder as well with a strong sense of structure.

Winchester plays a secondary role, but he gets in a few good solos, notably a lazily prodding section on *'Trane*. Smith, however, who is given featured billing with Winchester, is a limited and stodgy soloist. Most of the time, fortunately, he is in the background, laying down a squashy cushion of sound that Nelson effectively blanks out. (J.S.W.)

Buddy Rich

RICH CRAFT—Mercury MG 20451: *Indiana; Richcraft; Sweet's Tooth; Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie; Yardbird Suite; Cherokee; I Want a Little Girl; From the Sticks; Song of the Islands.*

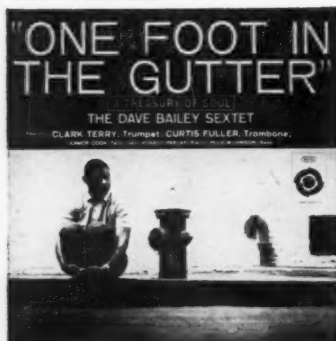
Personnel: Rich, drums; Earle Warren, Benny Golson, Al Cohn, Phil Woods, Steve Perlow, saxophones; Stan Fishelson, Harry Edison, Joe Ferrante, Emmett Berry, Jimmy Nottingham, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Billy Byers, Willie Dennis, Eddie Bert, trombones; John Bunch, piano; Sam Herman, guitar; Phil Leshin, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Count Basie's No. 1 admirer, Buddy Rich, here gets a chance to pay tribute to the leader in what, for him, must seem the most logical fashion—a big band playing Ernie Wilkins arrangements.

With Rich behind the drums, it's a foregone conclusion that the band will leap—or be belabored—all the way. Buddy doesn't disappoint. While some may quarrel with his conception in terms of more faddish drummers, none can deny that Rich is the greatest—and wallowingest—technician of his era. Naturally, he is right in his element at the helm of such a band, with all the firepower of the arrangements at his fingertips.

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Still, this is a studio date, and though the musicians are the creme de la creme, the band lacks the cohesiveness and sense of unity that comes only with blowing association. Not that there isn't some excellent solo blowing here. Sweets is his usual economical gas, Cohn creates his own type of disturbance several times, and Cleveland has some telling solo spots. Golson takes a solo in *Sticks* that is fine of its kind but can only be described as a misfit in the Wilkins arranging style. This track also has Rich's only drum solo, and, astride his championing warhorse, he makes the most of the opportunity.

This is a good album over-all, particularly so for Buddy's great, driving drumming. Its only weakness is unavoidable, and it's nothing that six months together wouldn't cure. (J.A.T.)

George Shearing

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STRIP—Capitol ST 1416; *Jordu*; *As I Love You*; *Confirmation*; *The Nearness of You*; *Mambo Inn*; *Bernie's Tune*; *Some Other Spring*; *Joy Spring*; *Drume Negrita*. Personnel: Shearing, piano; Emil Richards, vibraphone; Jean (Toots) Thieleman, guitar; Al McKibbin, bass; Percy Brice, drums; Armando Peralza, conga drum (Tracks 5, 9).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

That George Shearing has made a good deal of money from his quintet and his own particular brand of jazz can hardly be denied. That he is also one of the ablest pianists in jazz is usually ignored by jazz fans and jazz critics who are all too willing to point out the "commercialism" of the Shearing quintet.

But I can remember when Shearing and

his blend of piano, guitar, and vibraphone were extolled by both critics and fans. What has happened in the meantime to change praise to condemnation, condemnation not always deserved? Has Shearing changed or have the critics and listeners changed? This in-person album sheds light on the whole Shearing matter.

If Shearing's playing in this album is any criterion, he still is one of jazz' most interesting and surely one of its most facile pianists. His solo on *Jordu* shows that he has not closed his ears to the earthy ones. And his snarling left hand on *Bernie's Tune* is hardly in keeping with the charge that he doesn't depart from his formula of never shocking the customer. One cannot ignore, however, the patness of his *Nearness* feature—it's very much like his original English version, lagging octaves and all.

The highlight of the album is *Some Other Spring*. Here Shearing departs completely from type and plays an exquisite solo obviously dedicated to Teddy Wilson. It's in the manner of Wilson, yet it's not a blatant imitation. A man capable of playing so tastefully and with such sensitivity can hardly be dismissed as a hack or a plague.

Yet despite the excellence of Shearing's playing, there are several negative qualities that detract from the man's contributions to jazz.

One is the M-G-M-musical flavor of the Latin tunes he features. None of the fire inherent in this music is allowed to do more than smolder. And Shearing is not

an exceptional Latin pianist. Another quality of doubtful jazz value is the group's familiar ballad style. The early examples of this style (*When Your Lover Has Gone*, for instance) were interesting not only for their relaxed phrasing but for their intricacy as well. The intricate turn-arounds have since been dropped, and all that remains is a lagging statement of the melody.

But the most distressing quality of the group is the brevity of the solos. On this album Shearing had excellent musicians in his quintet: Richards is one of the more inventive and original of the up-and-coming vibraphonists; Thieleman can play quite interestingly; McKibbin and Price would be welcome in almost anyone's rhythm section. Why doesn't Shearing let his men (since this album was cut, the personnel has changed completely) stretch out more? None gets to play more than one chorus. For that matter, why doesn't Shearing allow himself more solo space? Is he afraid he might lose some of his followers? Nonsense. He'd probably increase his number of listeners. Perhaps even the critics might come back to him, and Shearing should bear in mind that he owes much to critics who supported him in his struggling days. He also is indebted to the jazz fraternity that espoused his cause long ago.

The point is that Shearing, with his popularity, could do much to help jazz by bringing it to a wider audience. True, one could say he's doing this now, but with his great ability, why must he dilute jazz?

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Why must he waste his talent and the talent of his sidemen on an outmoded conception that was hardly necessary in the first place? (D.DeM.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Sidney Bechet

IN MEMORIAM—Riverside RLP 138/139; *Sweet Lorraine*; *Up the Lazy River*; *China Boy*; *Four or Five Times*; *That's Plenty*; *If I Could Be with You*; *Squeeze Me*; *Sweet Sue*; *I Got Rhythm*; *September Song*; *Who?*; *Love Me with Feeling*; *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Blues Improvisation*; *I'm Through*; *Goodbye*; *Waste No Tears*; *Dardanella*; *I Never Knew*; *Broken Windmill*; *Without a Home*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-8: Bechet, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Muggsy Spanier, cornet; Carmen Mastern, guitar; Wellman Braud, bass. Tracks 9-11: Bechet, soprano saxophone; Albert Snare, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Wilbur DeParis, trombone; James P. Johnson, piano; Walter Page, bass; George Wettling, drums. Tracks 12, 15, 16, 19, 20: Bechet, soprano saxophone, vocal (track 12); Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Henry Goodwin, trumpet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Dick Wellstood, piano; Pops Foster, bass; Tommy Benford, drums. Track 13: Bechet, soprano saxophone; Spanier, cornet; George Brunis, trombone, vocal; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Johnson, piano; Danny Barker, guitar; Foster, bass; Baby Dodds, drums. Track 14: Bechet, Nicholas, clarinets; Johnson, piano; Barker, guitar; Foster, bass; Dodds, drums. Tracks 17, 18: Wild Bill Davison, trumpet; Archey, trombone; Nicholas, clarinet; Ralph Sutton, piano; Barker, guitar; Foster, bass; Dodds, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This two-record collection of various Bechet efforts of the 1940s is fairly representative of the man's artistry, though to get a complete picture of Bechet's 1940s work, the collector would have to augment these Hot Record Society (HRS) and Circle reissues with the many excellent Blue Notes still available.

If the whole collection had been of the caliber of the Bechet-Spanier Big Four HRS sides (tracks 1-8), this would have been an easy five-starer. But the quality of the remaining tracks (the Circle's) varies from excellence to shoddiness. And two of the tracks, *Dardanella* and *I Never Knew*, from the *This Is Jazz* radio show, have driving Davison trumpet and good Sutton piano, but no Bechet whatsoever, not even in ensemble. Why they were included in a memorial album to Bechet is a mystery.

The best takes of this second record (tracks 9-20) are *Rhythm*, *Song*, *Who*, *Baby*, and *Blues*. The first three titles are by Bechet's Seven and, besides provocative Bechet, provide good choruses by Bailey and Johnson. Especially attractive is James P.'s exotic treatment of *Song*. This group came close to catching the wild abandon that marked the Bechet-Harlem Feetwarmers sides of 1932. This spirit wasn't pure New Orleans, but more a combination of swing and New Orleans.

Baby and *Blues* were taken from a *This Is Jazz* broadcast of 1947. The latter is a Bechet-Nicholas duet in the mode of their Blue Note duets of approximately the same time. Nicholas is excellent in a screaming sort of way, and Bechet plays a startlingly dirty solo.

The Bechet-Nicholas duet points up the weakness of the Bechet-Wilber duet on *Tears*. Wilber at this time was completely a slave to Bechet's style, but the difference between master and pupil was great.

Wilber was never able to command a situation as could Bechet. He evidently lacked Bechet's utter self-confidence. His vibrato, while similar to his mentor's, sounded nervous; Bechet's was an indispensable adjunct to his playing and enhanced his expressiveness rather than detracted from it, as Wilber's did.

The HRS Bechet-Spanier sides are not only Bechet gems, but are some of the best jazz records ever made, though collectors have tended to ignore them. There was no effort to re-create days beyond recall. Four excellent jazzmen got together and just played. Of course, some of the intros and endings were no doubt rehearsed, but the lasting value of these records lies in the breathless Bechet solos and the driving ensembles. And if any of the kiddies coming along these days think that drums are indispensable to drive and swing, they need only listen to these tracks to find out that the ability to swing comes from within the individual, not from an external source.

These tracks are a perfect definition of collective improvisation. That definition does not include the clarinet's merely running the chord changes around the trumpet lead. It means musicians listening to and reinforcing each other.

All facets of Bechet can be heard on these eight tracks—his sweetness, his ferocity, his definiteness, his lyricism, his *joie de vivre*. The listener can hear how he sculptured his solos into complete statements with a beginning, a middle, an end. He built his solos, usually in an ever-rising arc, to bursting climaxes.

Jazzmen of all schools could learn something from Bechet. (D.DeM.)

Johnny Dodds

IN THE ALLEY—Riverside RLP 12-135; *Sock That Thing*; *Weary Way Blues*; *There'll Come a Day*; *Merry Maker's Twine*; *In the Alley Blues*; *Adam's Apple*; *Loveless Love*; *Nineteenth Street Blues*; *Ape Man*; *Your Folks*; *Hot Potatoes*; *Salty Dog*.

Personnel: (various groupings) Natty Dominique, Tommy Ladnier, Freddie Keppard, trumpet; Dodds, clarinet; trombones (various groupings) either unknown or unlisted; Jimmy Hlybie, Louie Austin, or Tiny Parham, piano; Jimmie Bertrand, washboard and drums, other drummers unknown; guitars and banjos unknown or unlisted; Blind Blake vocal on *Potatoes*, unlisted vocalist on *Twine*.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

These tracks are all reissues of recordings made between 1926 and 1928, when Dodds, already several years out of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, was playing on Chicago's south side and was in heavy demand for record dates. This album is made up of rare Paramount items Dodds made with various groups.

Taken collectively, these records are not up to the high quality of the output of the New Orleans Wanderers and Boot-black dates or the sides Dodds made with Louis Armstrong and Jelly-Roll Morton—the reason, entirely, being the inept performances turned in by the other musicians.

Ape Man is almost ruined by the stilted donkey-trot rhythm of the piano and washboard, and the trumpeter on *Sock* plays like someone hauled in for the session on the spur of the moment. On *Apple*, Keppard combines a good muscular drive with short Bunk-like phrases, but he apparently doesn't know the tune

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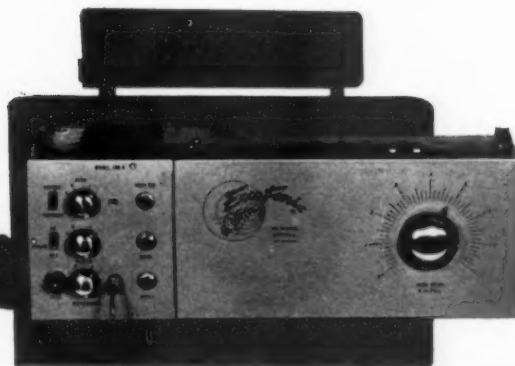
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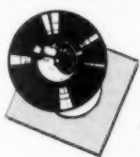


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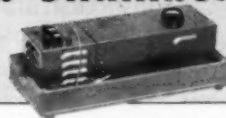
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very well. The trombone break on this track is a deliberate piece of corn.

But Dodds, who seems undaunted by these shortcomings, manages to play very well on these tracks. He tries to start things moving on *Apple* with a powerful slashing break in the first chorus; and, later, when Keppard becomes hopelessly lost and quits playing altogether, Dodds fills the void with long, furious, eighth-note chordal phrases in the middle register.

One remarkable part of Dodd's talent was that he could play above the roaring brass of the Creole Jazz band, and yet he was flexible enough to adapt to the subdued trumpet of Dominique, as he does here in *Weary* and *Come a Day*. *Loveless*, *Nineteenth Street*, and the excellent *In the Alley* all have driving blues choruses by Dodds.

Riverside has included Blake's *Hot Potatoes* in this album, and though it has fine clarinet work, it simply is not Dodds. Neither does Riverside list any personnel information for *Sock*. Orin Blackstone's *Index to Jazz* lists Dominique as the trumpeter, but this man seems too weak and fumbling to be Dominique.

(G.M.E.)

Various Artists

SOUL JAZZ, VOL. 1—Prestige/Bluesville
1009: *All Mornin' Long*; *All Day Long*; *Lights Out*.

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; John Coltrane or Frank Foster, tenor saxophone, or Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Red Garland, Tommy Flanagan or Elmo Hope, piano; George Joyner or Doug Watkins, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The difference between the commercial "soul" that is currently being ladled out by the bucketful and the essential "soul" that has been an element of all good jazz since the stuff was dreamed up by Jelly-Roll Morton in 19-Oh-and-2 (or was it Willie [the Lion] Smith and Leonard Feather when they met in that brickyard in Haverstraw; or maybe Nick LaRocca while he was inventing electricity on a construction job?) is succinctly pointed up in Ira Gitler's liner notes and then illustrated with reasonable relevance by the three selections, reissued from earlier Prestige LPs, that make up this blues potpourri.

The musicians in this case play with feeling but with a relaxation that amounts to restraint. Byrd holds to a crisp, Clark Terry manner; Coltrane is calmly imposing; Burrell plays with his customary warmth and involvement, and McLean is beginning to move out of his adoration-of-Parker period.

It makes a pleasant collection, although anything that goes on as long as these three pieces do, and in as low a key, inevitably becomes so mesmerizing that it recedes into background music. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee

JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE—Fantasy 3296: *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*; *Children, Go Where I Send Thee*; *What a Beautiful City*; *Glory, Glory*; *If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again*; *I'm Going to Shout*; *I Shall Not Be Moved*; *Packing Up*; *Get Right, Church*; *Some of These Days*; *If You See My Saviour*; *You Can't Hide*.

Personnel: Terry, vocals, harmonica; McGhee, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

In many small southern communities, where New York is the other side of the world and the other side of the moon is where you threaten to slap a misbehaving child, there exists a major form of entertainment referred to as "a singing." Hand-painted posters are tacked up on trees and on the walls of cafés and dance halls. For days, the news spreads like wildfire: "There's going to be a singin' at the church."

This album contains some of the tunes they come from miles around to hear.

Usually there are several groups competing in much the same manner as jazz combos at cutting sessions. In my home town, *Glory, Glory, Since I Laid My Burden Down* usually was reserved for the climax of the evening. The repentant was kneeling at the mourners' bench, and it was this tune sung dozens of times without pause that brought almost everybody in the congregation to his feet to shout and sing for salvation. This duet version probably will sound somewhat shallow to those who are more used to the tune sung by a full quartet, chorus, or congregation.

One of the major handicaps of the album for me is this rather stingy harmonic quality. The absence of other voices leaves a big hole between the smooth McGhee and the mountainous Terry and causes the tunes occasionally to balance precariously on the border between southern mountain music and southern Negro church song. Sometimes this gap is satisfactorily filled by Terry and his sensitive harmonica. Hear him duplicate the missing voices in *Mother Pray Again*.

One of the dramatic features of a singing is also reflected here. The repetitive refrain that McGhee sings on *I'm Gonna Shout* is usually carried by the bass singer whose deep, descending, rumbling line would bring peals of laughter, shouts of praise—in short, great expressions of pleasure from the congregation.

The simple, plain lyric of each of these tunes is a commentary in itself; however, the one that perhaps more than any other reflects the misery and depression of the southern Negro is *You Can't Hide*, which carries the double threat of law and divine wrath: "God's got your number—death's got a warrant for you."

The simplicity of desires and ambitions is reflected in the title tune, which says, "I'll be satisfied as long as I walk, let me walk close with Thee."

A heart-warming collection. (B.G.)

Various Artists

THE RURAL BLUES—Record, Book, and Film Sales, Inc., RF 202: *Will Shade, I Can't Stand It*; *Hambone Willie Newburn, Shelby County Work House Blues*; *Robert Johnson, From Four Until Late*; *Furry Lewis, You Can Leave, Baby*; *Sleepy John Estes, Sloppy Drunk Blues*; *L'il Son Jackson, Roberta Blues*; *Lightnin' Hopkins, Bad Luck and Trouble*; *Blind Boy Fuller, Thousand Women Blues*; *Arthur Crudup, If I Get Lucky*; *Charlie Pickett, Down the Highway*; *Kokomo Arnold, Milk Cow Blues*; *Blind Willie Johnson, Take Your Burden to the Lord*; *Tommy McClennan, New Highway 51*; *Lightnin' Hopkins, Penitentiary Blues*; *Blind Willie McTell, Mama, Tain't Long Fo' Day*; *Charlie Burse, Take Your Fingers Off It*; *Charlie Lincoln, My Wife Drove Me from My Door*; *Peg Leg Howell, Skin Game Blues*; *Lightnin' Hopkins, Come, Go Home with Me*; *Lightnin'*

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Hopkins, *Goin' Back to Florida*; Robert Johnson, *Standing at the Crossroads*; Lightnin' Hopkins, *One Kind Favor*; Furry Lewis, *John Henry*; Blind Willie Johnson, *Nobody's Fault But Mine*; Furry Lewis, *Warm Up*; Bukka White, *Bukka's Jitterbug Swing*; Furry Lewis, *Casey Jones*; Peg Leg Howell, *Coal Man Blues*; John Hurt, *Frankie*; Blind Willie McTell, *Southern Can Mama*; Papa Charlie Jackson, *Airy Man Blues*; Skip James, *Little Cow and Calf*; *I Gonna Die Blues*; Leroy Carr and Scrapper Blackwell, *New Hope Lost*; How Long Blues; Bert Bibo, *Mohana Blues*; Sonny Terry and Oh Red, *Harmonica Stomp*; Frank Stokes, *Shiney Town Blues*; Virgil Perkins, *Trouble in Mind*; Arthur Crudup, *Mean Old Frisco*; Brownie McGhee, *Sporting Life Blues*; Virgil Perkins, *Washboard Solo*; Charlie Burse, *Tippin' 'Round*; Ham Gravy, *Mama Don't 'Low It*; Mochie Reeves, *Key to the Highway*.

Rating ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

In the years of research that went into his book, *The Country Blues*, the first extended treatment of the subject, the indefatigable Sam Charters interviewed and recorded many country blues men.

He has used his previously unissued tapes, coupled with a number of old blues recordings of the 1920s to assemble this impressive two-disc set, which he describes as a "study of the vocal and instrumental resources" that distinguish the country blues from the body of American Negro music. To this end, he has drawn up a list of characteristic vocal approaches (coarse vocal tone, deeper chest tones, clearer head tones, simple rhythm, etc.) and instrumental techniques (guitar as melodic voice, as complex rhythmic accompaniment, etc.), and has illustrated these devices with recordings by exciting country singers and instrumentalists. Tommy McClennan, Bukka White, Kokomo Arnold, Lightnin' Hopkins, Robert Johnson, John Estes, Blind Boy Fuller, John Hurt, and many others.

It is an ambitious project, not without its defects. The country blues is such an intensely personal musical idiom that there are almost as many styles and approaches as there are practitioners. For proof of this, one has but to listen to the 43 selections in this set, because there would appear to be so many points of dissimilarity among the performances.

In such an examination as Charters has outlined, one must perforce settle upon only the most commonly used, the recurring techniques; therefore, one must argue with both his choice of "characteristic" techniques and their examples. For instance, the "false bass" Charters describes is so rarely used in the country blues, why bother to include it? The illustration employed is Blind Willie Johnson's *Take Your Burden to the Lord*, and this artist (who is, by the way, more properly a religious singer than a blues man) is alone in his use of the device. Further, this is one of the few complete performances in the album. Most of the recorded illustrations are fragmentary performances, thus implying, perhaps, that this device is of greater importance than some of the others.

Another example: Charters includes in his discussion of instrumental styles "bass—bowed," using a version of *Sporting Life Blues* by Brownie McGhee as an example. In his notes Charters remarks on the extreme rarity of its use in the country blues (indeed, it's the only time I've ever heard it on a country blues recording). Why is it included as a distinctive style?

The remarks are not intended to suggest that *The Rural Blues* is without

The SOUL of atlantic

"SOUL," Nat Hentoff once said, "is clearly the most essential quality of a jazzman." Not unsurprisingly he was talking about Milt Jackson (the original "Brother Soul") when he said that, back in 1957 when Atlantic brought out Bags' PLENTY, PLENTY SOUL [1269]. "Milt has as much of that open emotional strength as anyone in his jazz generation, and more than most."

What is *soul*? Bags once explained, "It's what comes from within; it's what happens when the inner part of you comes out. Everybody wants to know where I got that funky style. Well, it came from church. The music I heard there was open, relaxed, impromptu — soul music." It was, in Mahalia Jackson's phrase, music with *spirit-feel*.

All of the Milt Jackson albums have soul, but one real stand-out is the classic SOUL BROTHERS, that he cut with Ray Charles [1279]. In Ray's music there is that "great unembarrassed expressiveness and resourcefulness of musical holler, shout and cry," as Martin Williams put it. Ray and Milt Jackson gave modern jazz a jolt that was timely and very widely felt.

Soul comes to mind when some of the recent work of Charlie Mingus is considered. BLUES AND ROOTS [1305] was, in Charlie's own words, "a barrage of soul music: churchy, bluesy, swinging, earthy. I was born swinging and clapped my hands in church as a little boy."

Soul doesn't have anything to do with style. It can be found in a fantastic newcomer on the modern scene like Slide Hampton, whose first LP, SISTER SALVATION [1339], has just appeared — or in the work of THE LEGENDARY BUSTER SMITH [1323], newly re-discovered out Texas-way. The generous proportions of it in pianist Joe Castro's GROOVE FUNK SOUL [1324] practically dictated the title of his LP, as it did in the case of Jack Dupree's new release, CHAMPION JACK'S NATURAL & SOULFUL BLUES [8045].

These are just a few examples. Atlantic Records would like to think that all its jazz recordings have soul. After all, can a jazz album be jazz and not have soul?

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BAGS & FLUTES	1294
BALLADS & BLUES	1242

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WHAT'D I SAY	8029
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(Seal)

Lester A. Powell
(My commission expires February 11, 1964)

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interest or value. Quite the contrary. It is a cogent and succinct attempt to isolate several of the elusive elements that characterize the country blues form and that contribute much of the urgency, power, and emotional intensity in the music.

If the study has its defects, it also has the obvious benefits of being a pioneering effort and of illuminating areas for future study.

The recorded examples Charters has provided maintain a consistently high standard in country blues singing and playing. Especially noteworthy are the pieces by Hurt, Robert Johnson, Fuller, Hopkins, and Carr and Blackwell. Charters' notes on the backgrounds and on the performances are excellent.

One curious thing, however. In view of the thorough discographical documentation marking his book, it is somewhat surprising that Charters has not indicated which of the tracks are the older blues sides, let alone provided discographical data on them.
(P.W.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records.

Dave Bailey-Clark Terry-Curtis Fuller, *One Foot in the Gutter* (Epic M 16008)

Count Basie, *String Along with Basie*, Roulette M and S 52051)

Count Basie, *The Count Basie Story* (Roulette M and S RB-1)

Count Basie-Joe Williams, *Just the Blues* (Roulette M and S 52054)

Bunny Berigan, *Bunny Berigan and His Boys* (Epic M 16006)

Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, *Paris Concert* (Epic M 16009)

Billy Butterfield, *Billy Blows His Horn* (Columbia M CL 1514, S CS 8314)

Buck Clayton, *The Classic Swing of Buck Clayton* (Riverside M 142)

Scat Man Crothers, *Scat Man Crothers*, (Craftsmen M 8036)

Johnny Dodds/Kid Ory, *Johnny Dodds/Kid Ory* (Epic M 16004)

Duke Ellington, *The Nutcracker Suite* (Columbia M CL 1541, S CS 8341)

Neal Hefti Quintet, *Light and Right!* (Columbia M CL 1516, S CS 8316)

Torchy Jones Brass Quintet, *Catch the Brass Ring* (Columbia M CL 1517, S CS 8317)

Stan Kenton, *Kenton at the Tropicana* (Capitol M and S 1460)

Mangione Brothers Sextet, *The Jazz Brothers* (Riverside M 335, S 9335)

Gerry Mulligan, *Gerry Mulligan's Concert Band* (Verve M and S 68388)

Julian Priest, *Spiritsville* (Jazzland M 25, S 925)

Muggsy Spanier, *Muggsy Spanier Plays Dixieland Jazz* (Craftsmen M 8046)

Swedish Jazz Quartet, *Bombastica* (Jazzland M 26, S 926)

Various Artists, *Giants of Small Band Swing* (Riverside M 143)

Charlie Ventura, *Charlie Ventura Plays for the People* (Craftsmen M 8039) **AD**

CHARLIE BYRD

By Leonard Feather

No portable instrument in jazz has made more technical progress than the guitar. In the folk-jazz era, a box might be made of a few planks of wood, some-rusty strings, and a dab of glue. Today's guitar is an electronic miracle. On a clear day, it can pick up your local FM jazz program if the wiring is carefully adjusted.

The first modern jazz guitarist was not Charlie Christian. It was Eddie Durham. Better known as the composer of *Topsy*, Durham was fooling with an electric box in 1937 in the Jimmie Lunceford and Count Basie bands and featured it extensively on a combo date with some of Basie's sidemen in 1938.

Probably no guitarist around today knows more about the instrument, historically or technically, than Charlie Byrd. For this reason, on Byrd's first *Blindfold Test*, I played records that use the instrument in a strange range of styles, from the most primitive folk to the most sophisticated modern. This necessitated leaving out many I would like to have included; but the interview was so mutually pleasant that I'm sure this won't be Byrd's last test. So tune in next time.

His comments were taped, and he was given no information about the records.

The Records

1. Stan Getz. *Thou Swell* (from *Getz at Storyville, Roost*). Getz, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Raney, guitar.

Well, I thought it was an excellent ensemble. The opening and closing ensemble were by far the most interesting part of the record. As for the ending—the little in-and-out-of-counterpoint—the ensemble was so good that they should have done more with the ending.

The blowing wasn't terribly impressive. The tenor solo was nice, but the guitar solo I didn't care too much for... could have been Jimmy Raney, but it didn't sound as melodic as Jimmy usually sounds. It sounded as if it were a very good guitar player who played one of those choruses where not too much happened, because he sounded beautiful on the ensemble.

I would say 2½ to three stars, because the ensemble was about four stars and the blowing about two.

2. Laurindo Almeida. *Acerate Mas* (from *Almeida Quartet, Pacific (Jazz)*). Almeida guitar; Bud Shank, alto saxophone.

That must have been Laurindo and Bud Shank. And all you can say about that is that Laurindo plays the tune gorgeously, and his tunes are beautiful and that without Bud Shank's presence, it wouldn't be jazz, but I wouldn't object to that because I don't care what kind of label something has.

It's beautiful music, well executed.

3. Wilbur DeParis. *Banjoker* (from *DeParis at Symphony Hall, Atlantic*). Lee Blair, banjo.

Is that a European band? Sounded like somebody getting very serious with good-humored music. I don't object to the banjo or any other instrument as such; I just object to the way they're

played, and this kind of banjo playing I don't care for at all.

I guess we'll have to give it one star; for all that sweat, he should get one star.

4. Ornette Coleman. *Forerunner* (from *Change of the Century, Atlantic*). Coleman, alto saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet.

That's Ornette and Don Cherry. I have two good things to say about Ornette. First of all, he's a very sweet and sincere guy, not a phony trying to capitalize on any kind of freak sound or idea. And I admire and defend his determination to do something different. But aside from that, as a listener, I resent the fact that he is being touted as a great saxophonist or a great musician because I don't think so.

First of all, his technique is not good enough to justify my giving him that much attention. I've decided that good ideas come cheap in this world... A lot of people have good ideas. I'm interested in *execution* of ideas as well as inspiration. And until such time as he gets his own playing and his group organized, then I can't take him very seriously.

As for people making an analogy of Charlie Parker and Ornette Coleman, that's kind of ridiculous, because no matter what the controversy was over Parker, no one ever said he wasn't a helluva saxophone player—a great instrumentalist.

This is what we see people through; their technique and their vehicle, and Charlie Parker executed everything right on the button, clean and precise.

As for the record, I can't give it any stars for what I hear, because it's been touted so much. I see some inspiration there, and I see that it's a lively thing and, as I say, from conversations I've

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



had with Ornette, I love him, but as to what I hear on this record, I don't hear anything.

5. Lightnin' Hopkins. *Hello, Central* (from *Last of the Great Blues Singers, Time*). Hopkins, guitar, vocal.

In a sense it's ridiculous to give that five stars after an Almeida record, because this guy, as a guitar player, compared to Almeida or Howard Roberts, is very elementary. But for what he does and how he does it and the way it affects me, it's a five-star record. It's got power and real honesty.

Was that Leadbelly? It sounded like 12-string guitar in places. It could have been one of half a dozen people. This is strictly an emotional thing with me—I think five-star records are always emotional. This brings tears to my eyes; it's beautiful.

6. Wes Montgomery. *Ecaroh* (from *Montgomery Trio, Riverside*). Montgomery, guitar; Mel Rhyne, organ.

I like Wes' sound, and his time is wonderful. The thumb playing gets a little strident on the upper notes... but the duration of the sound, the way he plays in general, probably is the most interesting thing to come along on the guitar in a number of years.

I don't care for that group much, and I've heard tracks of Wes where he plays better than this. I'd like to convince him to try the new ceramic pickups, with nylon strings; I think then he would get good highs, and that would fit what he does with his fingers.

But on the low passages especially, his attack is beautiful, and his time conception and phrasing are most interesting.

Four stars, because I don't particularly like the record, but I love Wes.



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AL GREY

(Continued from page 15)

for planting the idea that Gillespie could make more money with a small group. Whatever the reason, when the band collapsed, Al was looking for a job again. Again, his luck was with him.

When he returned to Philadelphia, the Count Basie Band was at Pep's. Grey dropped in to hear the band—and one of the trombone men was off sick.

"When Basie saw me," he said, "he didn't say anything but acted like he was playing a trombone. I ran all the way to north Philly and got my horn. When I sat in, I so impressed that man that the next day he said the job was mine. Two days later we left for Europe."

Al has been a fixture with the Basie band ever since.

Luck — and Al Grey has had plenty of good fortune — is an important part of success, but talent plays a greater role. That Grey has an abundance of talent has been evident for several years, yet it was only this year that he won any sort of "official" recognition for it—the new talent trombone award of *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics poll.

One thing that has struck many critics is Grey's use of the plunger. He probably uses this device more than any trombonist outside the Duke Ellington Band. He said he had been using the plunger for years and had listened a lot to Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton.

"But he'd never show me what kind of mutes he used with the plunger," he recalled, "so I experimented on my own, and now I use the plunger with or without mutes. I get different effects this way. The plunger helps me play the trombone like a valve or fingered instrument. I can play faster with it."

Another thing that may have struck those critics who voted for Grey in the poll is his melodic improvising. Al said that when he was with the Gillespie band and the others that preceded it, he played "all over the horn." But now he says he feels that listeners understand and appreciate his melodic playing better and he is planning on staying with Basie and holding to that melodic approach.

"You know," he said, "I've had all kinds of experience and played with almost all the big bands—the only experience I haven't had is working with Duke. I'd like to have an eight-piece band, but I intend to stay with Basie, because he says that when I'm ready, he'll send me on my way with his blessing."

With the talent, the luck, and now the recognition of Al Grey, the day of readiness may not be too far away. **GB**

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sittin' in

By ART HODES

Whoever heard of taking piano lessons in a rib joint? Yet that's the way it happened for me. I learned plenty from a player piano stacked with blues. Address? Forty-eighth and State, Chicago. Louie took Wingy there, and Wingy took me. After that I went alone or with anybody who cared to go. I put my nickels in and listened. Later on the rib joint sported a three-piece band; piano, sax, drums. Eventually, I was asked to sit in with them.

You waited to be asked in those days, and you earned the invitation. Like one of the last sessions I made in Chicago before heading east. Johnny and Baby Dodds had the band; I went to listen, and there I sat, a-sipping and a-listening, just taking it in. Before long, Roy Eldridge came in and blew. It was Roy who spotted me and got me to play. I probably would have sat and sat and just listened. As long as the music was so good, why interrupt?

By '38 the toddling town had become a ghost town for jazzmen. Long before that, Louie, Wingy, Krupa, Freeman, Condon, just about everyone I could think of, had blown the town. New York City was home now, so I packed and went east. The second minute I was there I sat in at the Hickory House. Joe Marsala had the band. His brother Marty was with him, and I believe Buddy Rich was on drums. It was a swinging group.


But, man, too many lights were on you; no chance to lose yourself in the music. You were too aware . . . people . . . a live audience . . . applause. People actually listening to music and evidently liking it.

The band was on stage, the center of attraction. This was so different from Chicago. I'd been raised on a musician's place-in-the-background. Singers, strippers, emcees, acts, dance teams, floor shows belong in front. But musicians? Reminds me of Big Bill Broonzy's tune . . . let's see . . . "When you're white, you're all right; when you're brown, stick around; but when you're black, get in back — way back." This new treatment shocked me and took some growing into. A built-in public that applauded just the music and supported "le hot" was a revelation. You felt like belonging.

Yes, but there was a but. The union said I couldn't work steady for three months, an AFM law. I just couldn't sit around playing one set a night waiting to be asked to play; I had to play all the time. The search was on. Finally I located Ross' tavern, the basement, and a piano.

Here I played for myself; here the *Jazz Information* boys, Gene Williams and Ralph Gleason, came as well as Stella Brooks, George Zack, Meade Lux. No lights. No playing for the press. No playing "to be seen." Just play to play.

You know, years later when Thelonious Monk came into Jimmie Ryan's, a so-called Dixie room, and asked me if he could play in between, when the band was off the stand, I understood. The guy was hungry to play.

That's what it was: we were all hungry to play in those days. We weren't hungry for recognition, success, glamour, lights, bucks. No, we were just hungry to express what we were hearing inside of us. 



accordion buyers' guide

(If you wish complete information on accordions, or accordion accessories such as amplifiers, microphones, etc., we recommend your careful attention to the manufacturers listed below. If you wish to receive such material, address inquiry to Readers' Service, DOWN BEAT, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.)
Note: Brand names are italicized.

Bonvicini Accordions
748 Dahlia St., Denver 20, Colo.
Electrochord, Bonvicini, Organette, Baby Grande, Velvet Tone, Mediachord

Buegeleisen & Jacobson, Inc.
5-7-9 Union Square, N. Y. 5, N. Y.
Salanti

Chicago Musical Instrument Co.
7373 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago 30, Ill.
Bell, Camerano, Dallape, Scandalli, Settimio Soprani

Crown Accordion Co.
4419 Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Crown

Empire Accordion Corp.
337 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 14, N. Y.
Acme, Acmette

Estey Electronics, Inc.
Magnatone Division
2133 Dominguez St., Torrance, Calif.
Magnatone amplifiers

Excelsior Accordions, Inc.
333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 14, N. Y.
Excelsior, Excelsiola, Accordiana

Fender Sales, Inc.
1546 E. Chestnut St., Santa Ana 5, Calif.
Fender, Lesmann

Giulietti Accordion Corp.
250 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
Giulietti

The Fred Gretsch Mfg. Co.
60 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.
LaTosca, Eldorado

M. Hohner, Inc.
Andrews Road, Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.
Hohner

Imperial Accordion Mfg. Co.
2618 W. 59th St., Chicago 29, Ill.
Tonemaster, Chambertone, Artistico, Lindo

International Accordion Mfg. Co.
21330 Gratiot Ave. E., Detroit, Mich.
Super, Classic, Golden Chorus, Lira, Trionfo

Italo-American Accordion Mfg. Co.
3137 W. 51st St., Chicago 32, Ill.
Polytone, Concertmaster, Polkamaster

LoDuca Bros.
2245 N. 24th Pl., Milwaukee, Wis.
LoDuca

Pancordion Inc.
111 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y.
Pancordion, PanJet, Panaramic, Crucianelli, Directone, Video

Sonola Accordion Co., Inc.
300 Observer Hwy., Hoboken, N. J.
Sonola, Rivoli, Capri

Sorkin Music Co., Inc.
599 Avenue of the Americas,
N. Y. 11, N. Y.
Premier, Venuti, Verona

Targ & Dinner, Inc.
425 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.
Sonola, Rivoli, Capri, Renelli

Traficante, Inc.
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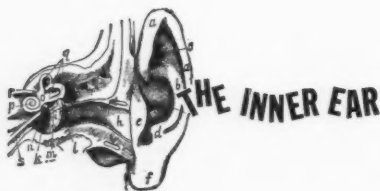
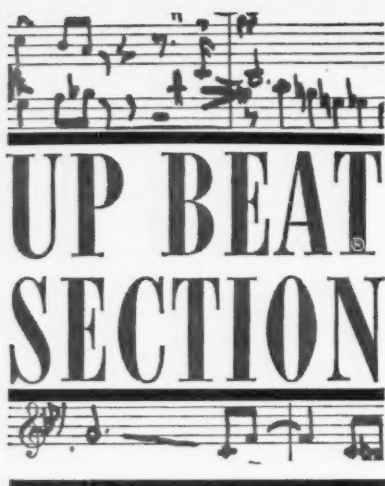
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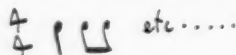
By BILL MATHIEU

What does it mean "to swing"?

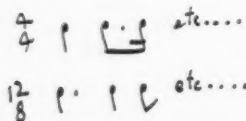
Most people can tell just by listening. But the many attempts to describe swing in words have not been successful. Like emotion, swing must be felt to be fully understood.

I won't attempt to define or describe swing, but I will try to indicate how far we can go in talking about it.

Let's confine ourselves now to one aspect of jazz: the TUM-dumm-de rhythm that modern jazz drummers frequently play on the cymbal. This figure is usually notated this way:



But it ordinarily falls somewhere between:



If you say the large numbers below out loud, and say the small numbers to yourself, you can get some idea of how these notated figures would sound if played exactly as written:

(a) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 etc. . .

(b) 1 2 3 4 5 6 etc. . .

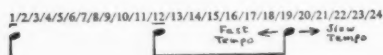
(c) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 etc. . .

40 • DOWN BEAT

Now say *all* the numbers to yourself, but for the accented ones substitute a tap of the finger. If you speed up this process enough, and are even in your counting, your finger will be tapping out various styles of the cymbal beat.

Careful listening will show that the first two notes of this rhythm always fall in the same place. The relative distance between the second and third notes changes, however. This distance is greater in (b) than in (a), greater in (c) than in (b).

The important point is that no jazz drummer would ever play any of these figures precisely as they are written. The actual sound differs from the notation in one sense only: the final upbeat (the last note of the figure) is placed farther to the left (see diagram) on fast tempos, farther to the right on slow tempos:



Here the unit is subdivided into 24 parts. The first note always falls on 1; the second on 12; the third between 18 and 21. Very fast tempos approach example (a). Slower tempos approach example (c).


Though it seems incredible, the differences involved here are on the order of magnitude of 1/100th of a second. Why should this fraction of a second be so important to the swing of the music?

The answer to this question must take into account the fact that the beat changes as the tempo changes. What swings in one tempo does not swing in another.

But the most difficult problem lies elsewhere. No simple repetitive figure (like this cymbal beat) will swing for long if it is not varied. The variations can be extremely minute, but they must be there in order to keep the swing going.

This makes the problem of analysis much more difficult, for instead of working with a single, small, measurable unit, we now must consider an entire phrase composed of many units. Nevertheless, if we can find patterns that repeat themselves, we can measure them and perhaps come to understand how they work. If these patterns cannot be found—and I haven't been able to find any—then the chances of gaining insight into swing by mathematical analysis become remote.

I have a suspicion, however, that the patterns are there.

The strangest part of this whole problem is that even though swing seems to defy analysis, most people respond to it easily on an intuitive level. So be it—the simplest things in life are the hardest to describe. 

CLINICIAN'S CORNER

By REV. GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Regardless of how or by whom jazz is defined, the term improvisation will enter the definition. It is the one distinguishing feature of jazz. Modern classical music may employ syncopation, flattened (minor) thirds and sevenths and still not be jazz. It is improvisation also that separates jazz from the popular music of the stage, screen, and jukebox. Popular music today is closer to classical music than to jazz.

The question arises as to how improvisation can be taught or developed.

The high school dance band director will find certain individuals in the band, who, without being able to analyze what they are doing, can follow the chord changes being played by the rhythm section. Such youngsters have already taken great steps on the road to developing an improvisational skill. It can be improved with listening and playing experience and with study of the theoretical aspects of improvisation.

Other students can attain a certain degree of skill in improvisation by studying these aspects; they can reach the point where they can produce a technically correct artifact.

The following steps present an outline of a method that will help the student as he attempts to grasp the technical tools of improvisation. The ability to use these techniques can only come from experience in improvising, and the ideas must come from the originality and artistic ability of the student.

1. Besides a thorough knowledge of major and minor keys, as John LaPorta pointed out in this column four weeks ago, the student should have a theoretical knowledge of intervals, their names and alterations. He should know what is meant by a major, minor, diminished, or augmented second, third, fourth, and seventh; by a perfect, diminished, or augmented fourth and fifth.

2. He should know the types of chords, their interval construction and representative symbols (chord symbols):

Major: root-major third-perfect fifth. Symbols: C, D, E, F, etc.

Minor: root-minor third-perfect fifth. Symbols: Cm, Dm, Em, Fm, etc., or rarely: C— or C min.

Diminished: root-minor third-diminished (flatted or lowered 1/2 step) fifth. Symbols: C⁰, D⁰, E⁰, etc. or

Cdim, Ddim, Edim, etc.

Augmented: root-major third-augmented (raised $\frac{1}{2}$ step) fifth. Symbols: C+, D+, E+, etc., or C aug., D aug., E aug., etc.

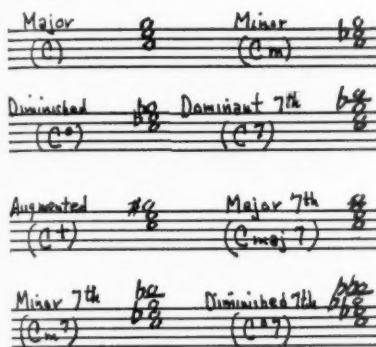
Major seventh: root-major third-perfect fifth-major seventh. Symbols: C maj7, D maj7, etc., or C M7, D M7, etc.

Dominant seventh: root-major third-perfect fifth-minor seventh. Symbols: C7, D7, etc.

Minor seventh: root-minor third-perfect fifth-minor seventh. Symbols: Cm7, Dm7, etc.

Diminished seventh: root-minor third-diminished fifth, diminished seventh (equivalent to the sixth tone of the major scale). Symbols: C \flat 7, D \flat 7, etc.

The various chords are written thusly in the key of C:



3. The student should know the common extensions (there are others) or alterations of these chords:

Major chords may be extended by adding a major sixth. Symbols: C6, D6, etc.

Minor chords may be extended by adding a major sixth or a major ninth. Symbols: Cm6, Dm6, etc. Cm9, Dm9, etc.

Minor seventh chords may be extended by adding a major ninth or a major 11th. Symbols: Cm9, Dm9, etc., Cm11, Dm11, etc.

Dominant chords may be extended by adding a major ninth or an augmented 11th. Symbols: C9, D9, etc. C+11, D+11, etc.

Diminished chords may be extended by adding a major ninth. Symbols: C \flat 9, D \flat 9, etc.

Augmented chords may be extended by adding a minor seventh or a minor ninth. Symbols: C+7, D+7, etc., C+(m9), D+(m9), etc.

In the next and final *Clinician's Corner* on improvisation and the development of improvisational skill, we shall deal with musical exercises to be used in developing this skill. We shall also look into blues chord changes and chord substitution.

SCHOOL JAZZ

The Veterans of Foreign Wars of New Jersey are working with *Down Beat* on plans for a state-wide stage band competition as part of their youth activities program . . . Johnny Richards has accepted an invitation to be a judge for the 1961 Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame . . . Bing Nathan, a recent piano scholarship student at the National Stage Band Camp, writes that he is currently studying with John LaPorta, writing a swing number for his high school (Scarsdale, N. Y.) marching band, playing bass in the school orchestra, and organizing a big jazz band for the spring . . . Ralph Mutchler, formerly head of the widely-admired Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band, is now an instructor in the music department of Olympic College, Bremerton, Wash. Jazz has been a curriculum subject and popular campus activity at Olympic for several years . . . It seems highly probable that Phil Moore, the famous vocal coach and music consultant, will head up the new vocal department at the National Stage Band Camp's session at Michigan State University next summer . . . Applications for the 1961 *Down Beat* scholarships to the Berklee School will be published in the first two issues of January.

3 ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS

The three compositions on the following pages (42, 43, 44) are by Arif Mardin, a young Turkish composer who originally attended the Berklee School of Music in 1958 as recipient of the Quincy Jones Scholarship Award and is now a permanent member of the Berklee teaching staff. These compositions are from a collection titled *Jazz Originals by Arif Mardin* distributed by Berklee Press Publications, 284 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

About the compositions: *Wise Men Speak*: an intimate small group sound should be achieved, but percussive ensemble attacks should be strong. The overall feeling of the "A" theme is G lydian and improvised solos must be in modal context. *Bey-Si-Bey*: this is a tribute to the style of the old Basie band. The conception and interpretation should be in this same style. *Faculty Meeting*: a tranquil, pastoral feeling should be predominant throughout. The tempo is definitely "slow walk."

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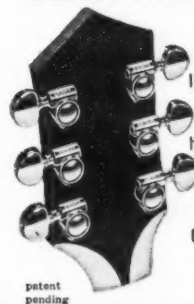
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WISE MEN SPEAK

by Arif Mardin

Med. jump 

Horns

Piano

Bass

Piano solo

Bass & Dr.

Horns

drum break

drum break

drum break

solo break

SOLOS 11 bars Blues in F

SOLOS 11 bars Blues in G

D. S. al Coda

Coda



by Arif Mardin

BEY-SI-BEY

Medium bounce

Horns

Rhythm

Chord symbols: F⁶, G^m7, F⁶, A¹⁶, G⁷, C⁷, F⁶, C⁷, F⁶, G^m7, F⁶, A^b7, G⁷, C⁷, G⁷(b⁹), C⁷, F⁷, B^b7, F⁷, F⁷, C^m7, F⁷, B^b, E^b7, F⁶, A^b0, G^m7, C⁷(b⁹), F⁶, B^b6, B⁰, F⁶

by Arif Mardin

FACULTY MEETING

Slow walk with 12/8 feeling

If melody horns are Tenor, Trombone or Baritone play 8vb.

Bob
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

Bob Corwin, former intermission pianist at Eddie Condon's, will marry song composer **Johnny Mercer's** daughter, **Mandy**, on Dec. 27 . . . Gossip columnists are linking trumpeter **Pete Candoli** with singer **Betty Hutton**, and in Rome vocalist **Helen Merrill** is being romantically paired with jazz pianist **Romano Mussolini**.

Ragtime pianist and composer **Joseph F. Lamb** died in Brooklyn. He was 72 and was the composer of *Sensation Rag*, *Top Liner Rag*, *Excelsior Rag*, *Ragtime Nightingale*, and many other rags and songs. He recently recorded an album called *A Study in Classic Ragtime*. Lamb, was a protege of famed ragtime composer **Scott Joplin** . . . **Pinie Caceres**, a member of the well-known musical Caceres family of Texas, died recently. He was a brother of baritone saxophonist **Ernie Caceres** and violinist **Emilio Caceres**. They once had a family jazz group in which Pinie played piano. He also was a trumpet player and performed with the **Johnny Long Orchestra**, **Jack Teagarden Orchestra**, and in 1957, with the **Bobby Hackett Band**.

Society bandleader **Meyer Davis**, reading about the jazzmen who have played with the **Lester Lanin** organization in the July 7 *Down Beat*, points out he has employed and is currently using many jazz musicians on his many society dates. Years ago he used **Benny Goodman**, **Pee Wee Russell**, **Jimmy Dorsey**, among others . . . Several members of **Andy Kirk's** Clouds of Joy band received bruised backs as a result of the collapse of a makeshift bandstand at a debutante ball in the Hotel Commodore . . . **Quincy Jones** presided at his young daughter's birthday party. His problem of thinking up entertainment ideas was neatly solved when a vacant building across the street caught on fire . . . Drummer **Elvin Jones** left the **Harry Edison** group to join **John Coltrane**.

Riverside Records invited 25 guests to a recent **Johnny Griffin** recording date. Griffin, tenor saxophonist, used **Dave Burns**, trumpet; **Norman Simmons**, piano; **Victor Sproles**, bass; **Ben Riley**, drums. **Babs Gonzales** emceed the session . . . **Sy Oliver** supervised a **Rose Murphy-Slam Stewart** waxing date for the Big A label . . . **Haywood Henry**, former clarinetist and saxophonist with the **Erskine Hawkins Band**, has a new single release on Mercury. One side is a Henry original,

Midnight Alley, on which the reed star is featured on baritone saxophone . . . Singer **Diahann Carroll** has signed an exclusive contract with Atlantic . . . **Dinah Washington** will be on the Roulette label in the spring of '61 . . . **Savannah Churchill**, who made the hit recording of *Hurry, Hurry* on Capitol some years ago, will record again for Gale Records . . . The **George Russell Sextet** is recording for Riverside Records . . . Singer **Al Hibbler** has signed a pact to record for Rank Records . . . **Larry Elgart's** Orchestra switched their recording affiliations from RCA Victor to M-G-M . . . Trombonist **Kai Windling** signed with ABC-Paramount . . . Argo will record **Art Farmer's** trumpet on a set of standards early next year . . . Pianist-composer **John Lewis** is scheduled to write an album for the **Farmer-Golson Jazztet**.

Stanley Dance, English jazz critic and authority on **Duke Ellington**, is doing a one-hour show called *Duke's Place* on WNGN-FM every Thursday at midnight . . . Radio station WCBs will have a live audience, for the first time in eight years, for **Ed Joyce's** Monday night Dixieland jazz show from 8:15 to 10 p.m. . . . *Down Beat's* Philadelphia correspondent, **Dave Bittan**, is doing a Saturday afternoon jazz

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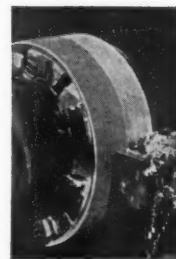
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show on WTOA-FM, Trenton, N. J., called *Journey into Jazz*.

Previews of the film *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*, a **Willard Motley** best seller, says there is too little of **Ella Fitzgerald's** singing. Ella, who plays the drug addict Flora, sings a tune written by **Jimmie McHugh** and **Ned Washington** titled *Research for Tomorrow* . . . **Dick Powell** will start production in Hollywood on the jazz-oriented novel *Solo* on Nov. 21. The plot deals with an eccentric jazz pianist.

Tenor saxophonist **Don Byas** gave a concert in Oslo, Norway, last month . . . Clarinetist **Mezz Mezzrow** will tour Denmark with the Danish Carnieals jazz band in December and January . . . German jazz authority **Horst H. Lange** has published a book called *The Story of Jazz in Germany—1910 to 1960*.

IN PERSON

Apollo Theater—**ROY HAMILTON** until Nov. 17. **JACKIE WILSON**, Nov. 18-24.
 Basin Street East—**QUINCY JONES** Band, **GEORGE SHEARING** Sextet, **JOHNNY RAY** until Dec. 1. **LENNY BRUCE**, Dec. 2-15.
 Birdland—**HERBIE MANN's** Afro-Jazz group until Nov. 23. **BUDDY RICH** Sextet, **MAYNARD FERGUSON** Band, Nov. 24-Dec. 7.
 Central Plaza — **JOHNNY LETMAN**, **TONY PARENTI**, **SAM PRICE** and others, Friday and Saturday night jam sessions.
 Condon's—**WILD BILL DAVISON** Band until Nov. 12. **RALPH SUTTON** Quintet featuring **PEANUTS HUCKO** opens Nov. 14.

Embers—**JONAH JONES** Quartet, **HAROLD QUINN** Trio until Nov. 26. **JONAH JONES** Quartet, **YUGENE SMITH** Trio, Nov. 28-Dec. 17.

Hickory House—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** Trio, **JOHN BUNCH-HENRY GRIMES** Duo.

Jazz Gallery—**GIL EVANS** Big Band, **DIZZY GILLESPIE** until Dec. 14. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** Quintet, **THELONIOUS MONK**, Dec. 15-Jan. 2.

Jilly's—**BERNIE NIEROW-CARL PRUITT** Duo. Metropole—**LIONEL HAMPTON** Big Band, Nov. 16-Dec. 13.

Nick's—**SALT CITY SIX**.

Prelude—**ROY HAYNES** Trio until Nov. 30. Roundtable — The **MARTIN DENNY** Group, **ADAM WADE** until Nov. 26.

Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band.

Sherwood Inn (New Hyde Park, Long Island)—**BILLY BAUER** All-Stars, Fridays and Saturdays.

Versailles—**PAT THOMAS**.

Village Gate—**FARMER-GOLSON** Jazztet until Dec. 7.

Village Vanguard—**MODERN JAZZ QUARTET**, **ORNETTE COLEMAN** until Nov. 13. **MILES DAVIS**, Nov. 15-27.

BOSTON

Donnelly Memorial auditorium had the **Kingston Trio** in concert on Nov. 4. They followed the **Ray Conniff** Orchestra and chorus in *Concert in Stereo* which played two concerts on Oct. 28 at the auditorium . . . Golden Variety Productions presented the **Tarriers**, **Cynthia Gooding**, and **Jackie Washington** at Jordan hall early in October. Singer **Josh White** played one night at the hall, also . . . Kresge auditorium had the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet, and comic

Mort Sahl with the **Limelitters** appeared at Symphony hall . . . **Larry Steele's** *Smart Affairs of 1961* is at the Showbar. The revue, which has a company of 32, came here directly from a long engagement in Atlantic City . . . The Frolic in Revere presented the **Cab Calloway** organization . . . Trumpet star **Emmett Berry** guested at Connolly's Star Dust room.

Tenor saxophonist **Eddie (Stack) Ames's** Quartet appeared on **John McClellan's** WHDH-TV show *Jazz Scene*. Earlier in the month, McClellan presented the trio out of the **Herb Pomeroy** Band with **Ray Santisi**, piano; **John Neves**, bass; **Jimmy Zitano**, drums. The Massachusetts Jazz society comprised the audience for the trio show. The society's last meeting was held at the Stable. A new rehearsal group had its debut at the meeting. The group included alto saxophonist **Sonny Watson**, drummer **Harold Lane**, bassist **Mickey Texeira**, and pianist **Jimmy Neil**.

Future attractions at **George Wein's** Storyville at the Bradford include comic **Irwin Corey**, **Bobby Hackett's** Quartet, singer **Nina Simone**, and **Dave Brubeck's** Quartet . . . The name-band one-nighter policy at the main ballroom of the Bradford is temporarily in abeyance with college mixers taking precedence.

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TORONTO

Two jazz concerts on the same night (Oct. 12) split Toronto's jazz audience. A total of 2,500 fans headed for Maple Leaf Gardens to hear the **Count Basie** and **Stan Kenton** bands, while 1,100 applauded **Chris Barber's** band at Eaton auditorium.

In the downtown clubs, **Mike White's** Imperial Jazz Band continues at the Westover, while **Bobby Hackett's** quartet held forth at the Town for two weeks. Pianist **Dave McKenna**, **Jake Hanna**, drums; **Joe Williams**, bass, round out the group. The **Ray Bryant** Trio and **Roy Eldridge** were set for late October dates.

Lee Morgan, in town Nov. 4 to star in the CBC's first TV jazz show of the season, was featured with **Oscar Peterson** Trio. Others on the program: the **Don Thompson** Eleven, **Ron Collier's** 10-piece band, **Peter Appleyard**, singer **Eve Smith** . . . Vibist **Hagood Hardy** is music director of the CBC's new late night show, *Midnight Zone*.

MONTREAL

Canadian television viewers finally were able to see the **Miles Davis** show on the *Robert Herridge Theater* on CBS-TV Oct. 3 . . . The **Delta Rhythm Boys** opened at the Salle Bonaventure of the Queen Elizabeth hotel on Nov. 7 . . . **Carlos Montoya** played an October date at Pleateau hall, as did **Don Rondo** at the Bellevue Casino . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet played a one-nighter in Cornwall, about 75 miles west of Montreal, on Oct. 14. The event was sponsored by the Junior Citizen's committee of Cornwall.

Alfie Wade's Stablemates combo is now playing at the Como inn Friday and Saturday nights indefinitely. Some of the musicians he has hired to sit in with the group include tenor saxophonists **Nick Ayoub** and **Wimp Henstridge**, and trumpeter **Herbie Spanier** . . . The winter edition of the *Biggest Show of Stars for '60* played two shows at Montreal Forum Oct. 30.

PHILADELPHIA

Charlie Mingus, **Eric Dolphy**, and company played the Showboat in their first club date outside New York in some years. The group followed **Les McCann** at **Herbie Keller's** jazz room . . . Mingus strolled over to Pep's between sets and joined **Lem Winchester** and other musicians catching the American debut of the shouting **Quincy Jones** big band. One of the local newspapers had the "Quincy Adams" band advertised.

In an experiment, the Red Hill Inn switched from its modern policy to feature the **Red Nichols** group with **Dick Cary**. The following week, however, **Joe DeLuca** returned to modern,

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with the **Ramsey Lewis Trio** . . . **Warren Covington**, a former Philadelphian, brought his **Tommy Dorsey Band** to Wagner's for a one-nighter.

The town went concert happy late in October with the **Count Basie-Stan Kenton** package and the **Gerry Mulligan** presentation playing at the Academy of Music on successive nights... **Jimmy DePreist** led a 40-piece orchestra backing singer **Toni Harper's** recent concert.

CLEVELAND

The usually good fall season for jazz looks better than usual this year, with a large number of concerts planned and many night spots featuring jazz combos.

Soul Brothers, a local group interested in boosting jazz, presented what is hoped to be the first of many concerts Oct. 2 with **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers featured. Also performing well for the full house at WHK auditorium were **Joe Alexander, Bill Hardman**, and the African Jazz Trio.

Dave Dorn, a promoter of top concerts for 12 years, brought the new **Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band** to the Masonic hall Oct. 16. On Nov. 3 Dorn provided something unique in concerts when two name groups, the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** and the **Dave Brubeck Quartet**, appeared at the Music hall. Columbia Records is planning to record this unusual event on an album.

Pete Fountain's Dixieland Band will provide an evening of New Orleans jazz at the Music hall Oct. 29. WERE disc jockey **Bill Randle** is booking the group . . . The Hickory grill, picking up the groups originally scheduled to play at the recently destroyed Theatrical grill, had the **Eddie Heywood Trio** and the **Terry Gibbs** group for two weeks starting Oct. 17 . . . The **Bobby Few Trio** has moved into the Poodle lounge Monday through Wednesday, with **Joe Howard** continuing in his Thursday through Saturday night slot there . . . The Ce-Fair lounge resumed its jazz policy with the **Bobby Brack Trio** on Friday and Saturday nights . . . **Dave O'Rourke**, with **John Gallo** on bass and **Ronnie Browning** on drums, holds forth weekends at **Fats Heard's** Jazz room . . . **Cris Davidson's** Quartet is the featured group at the Key club. The September concert of the Le Jazz Workshop presents the Davidson group, **Bill Hardman** and his trio, and the **Leotis Harris Trio**.

CHICAGO

Vee Jay Records recorded furiously in October. The company cut sessions by blind pianist **Chris Anderson's** trio, the **MJT+3**, **Lee Morgan, Frank Strozier** and **Willie Thomas** (MJT+3 trumpeter). **Eddie Higgins** was signed by the expanding Chicago Negro-owned

company and is set to record his first date this fall. Besides its jazz artists, Vee Jay has several country blues singers under contract including **Memphis Slim**, **John Lee Hooker**, and **Jimmy Reed**.

The Sutherland lounge, which recently started broadcasting on *Bandstand U.S.A.*, Mutual's Saturday night show, now has nightly FM shows emanating from the room. The station is WSBC; the announcer is **Len Hollings**... **Dizzy Gillespie**, who recently played the Sutherland, changed pianists and drummers again. He's now using drummer **Chuck Lampkin** and Argentine pianist **Lalo Schiffrin**. **Art Davis**, bass, and **Leo Wright**, alto and flute, remain... The exciting **Slide Hampton** Octet played opposite **Les McCann, Ltd.**, at the Sutherland during the latter's October engagement.

Birdhouse has signed the **Quincy Jones** Band for the Christmas holidays... **Art Blakey** reported that his group is off to Europe for a short tour beginning Nov. 26. The group and singer **Bill Henderson** will tour Japan starting the first of the year... Another jazz club opened Nov. 1. The spot is called Counterpoint. First group to work the Hyde Park area spot was **Kenny Dorham's**.

French jazz writer **Marcel Chauvard** visited town for several weeks in October and November. It was his second trip to Chicago. His first, last year, was spent in pursuit of the many blues singers on the south side. This year he was more interested in the jazz scene. He writes for *Jazz Hot*.

Earl Hines did such good business at the Cafe Continental that he was held over for four weeks. "Fatha" brought with him from San Francisco **Danell Howard**, clarinet; **Jimmy Archey**, trombone; **Eddie Smith**, trumpet; **Pops Foster**, bass, and **Earl Watkins**, drums.

Collegiate Jazz Festival 1961 is scheduled for April 22 and 23 at the University of Notre Dame... **Arthur Fiedler**, conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra for the last 30 years, will guest conduct the sixth annual midwest National Bandmasters Band at the National Band Clinic to be held Dec. 14-17.

IN PERSON

Birdhouse — **JOHN COLTRANE** Quintet until Nov. 20, **HORACE SILVER** Quintet, Dec. 7-18; **QUINCY JONES** Band, Dec. 21-Jan. 1.
Cafe Continental—**EARL HINES** SEXTET until Dec. 3.
The Cloister — **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet until Nov. 7, **LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS** and **IKE ISAACS** Trio, Nov. 8-27; **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET**, Nov. 28-Dec. 11; **MAX ROACH** Quintet, Dec. 12-25, **IRA SULLIVAN** Quartet, house band.
Counterpoint—**KENNY DORHAM** Quartet until Nov. 12.
Jazz, Ltd. — **BILL REINHARDT** Band; **TUT SOPER**, intermission piano.
London House — **GENE KRUPA** Quartet until Nov. 20, **BARNEY KESSEL** Quartet, Nov. 22-Dec. 11; **KAT WINDING** Septet, Dec. 13-Jan. 1, **EDDIE HIGGINS** Trio and **AUDREY MORRIS** Trio, house bands.
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LOS ANGELES

Riverside's **Orrin Keepnews** signed drummer **Lennie McBrowne** to the label during a recent week here. McBrowne's *Four Souls* cut their first LP for the company under the a&r supervision of **Cannonball Adderley**. Cannonball, meanwhile, commissioned McBrowne tenor man **Daniel Jackson** to write an original (*Hear Dis*) for the quintet. Also recorded by Adderley was an LP by **Dexter Gordon** and one led by new pianist **Roosevelt Wardel**, featuring Texas tenor man **James Clay** (who has returned to the coast for a while), bassist **Sam Jones**, and drummer **Louis Hayes**.

The big shake-up in the **Harry James** Band that began prior to the trumpeter's current tour of South America puts the following new faces in the personnel: **Pam Garner** took over the vocal spot long held by **Jilla Webb**. She shares the mike with blues singer **Ernie Andrews**, now reportedly back to stay. In the reeds, **Pat Chartrand** is the new lead alto man while **Modesto Brisen** replaced **Jay Corre** on tenor. This gives the saxes two good jazz tenors; the other is **Sam Firmature**. In the brass, **Jack Hohmann** came in on first trumpet and **Dick Leith** replaced trombonist **Ernie Tack**. The band gets back Nov. 18 and then resumes its stand at the Las Vegas Flamingo until Jan. 11.

South side jazz club owner **George Alford** (Zebra Lounge) is planning a coup this month. There's a "good chance," he said, that **Bud Powell** will play the club before the end of November. Alford says the pianist is on his way here from Paris. **Horace Silver** will work the Zebra in April, according to the operator.

Booking agent **Jack Hampton** brought Mexico City's **Ismael Diaz** Orchestra north of the border for the first time in mid-October. Diaz, the hottest band-leader in Mexico, played two nights at the downtown Village in a quickie booking and other dates throughout California and Arizona. The tour was made possible through the new exchange agreement between musicians unions of the U.S. and Mexico (*Down Beat*, Oct. 13), and the Diaz band was the first on the list.

Jazz pianist **Joyce Collins**, who first attracted attention here five years ago, finally recorded her own LP. Just released, it's on the Jazzland label and features bassist **Ray Brown** and drummer **Frank Butler**. Miss Collins cut the LP on her return from an engagement at Paris' Blue Note where she worked with **Kenny Clarke** ... **Steve Allen** has

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turned his music talents to the trumpet. But his tongue is more in cheek than in mouthpiece, as is evident on a new Signature single, *Impossible* . . . Swinging pianist Betty Bryant, lately resident at the Huddle on Wilshire at Western, tied a September wedding knot with Mo Marino in Las Vegas.

Personal manager Dave Nelson signed Frank Morgan, the gifted altoist who has been absent from the scene on and off for some years. Morgan, with Art Hillary, piano; Pat Smith, bass, and Joe Peters, drums, was due for a Zebra Lounge booking late in October . . . Pianist Jim Harbert, for some time resident leader of a trio at Frank Sinatra's and Peter Lawford's Puccini restaurant, was signed as a&r producer with Columbia Records by coast chief Irv Townsend . . . Bob Rogers, drummer-leader of the trio backing Ernestine Anderson during her six-week engagement at the Las Vegas Dunes, is back in L.A. working casuals with his jazz octet. He's due to return to the Dunes with his own group early next year . . . Latest bulletin from the Southern California Hot Jazz Society reports that regular meetings are held the third Sunday of each month at 2 p.m. in the Griffith Park Legion hall, 3765 Legion Lane. The society held a rousing jazz dance Oct. 30 at the Greater Los Angeles Press Club with two two-beat bands on stand.

IN PERSON

Basin Street — GARNER CLARK's Bearcats.

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Ben Pollack's — JOE GRAVES Quartet, week nights; BOB McCRACKEN group, weekends. Beverly Cavern — TEDDY BUCKNER Band. Cascades (Belmont Shore, L.B.) — JACK LYNDE Trio with JANIE GETZ, piano, and JIM CRUTCHER, bass.

Common Bowl — JAZZ GENERALS, weekends. Crest — HOWARD ROBERTS, Sunday night sessions.

Digger — Name groups weekends. Dragonwyck (Pasadena) — CHARLIE LLOYD Quartet, weekends.

El Sombrero — (Belmont Shore, L.B.) — CLYDE CONRAD Quintet featuring VINCE WALLACE, tenor saxophone, and BILL METZ trumpet.

Excusez Moi — BETTY BENNETT, weekends. Figer-8 — DELTA RHYTHM KINGS, Sunday sessions.

Friendship Cafe (Santa Monica) — SMOG CITY STOMPERS, Sunday afternoons.

Green Bull (Hermosa Beach) — SOUTH BAY JAZZ BAND with MONETTE MOORE, Fridays and Saturdays.

Handlebar — DR. JACK LANGLES and the Saints, weekends.

Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach) — CHUCK DEEKS Band, Fridays and Saturdays.

Honeybucket (Costa Mesa) — COL. HENDERSON'S REBELS.

Jimmie Diamond's Lounge (San Bernadino) — EDGAR HAYES, piano.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach) — HOWARD RUMSEY'S All-Stars.

Marineland (Palos Verdes) — RED NICHOLS and his Five Pennies until Dec. 4.

Masque — SHIRLEY SCOTT; WILD BILL DAVIS opens Nov. 24; MILT BUCKNER opens Dec. 22.

Renaissance — JAMES CLAY, tenor; ROOSEVELT WARDELL, piano; JIMMY BOND, bass; FRANK BUTLER, drums; RUTH PRICE, vocals, through November; BESSIE GRIFFIN and the GOSPEL PEARLS, Sundays only.

Riley's Madhouse — MIKE RILEY's Clowns of Dixieland.

Sanbah — RAMSEY LEWIS Trio, Nov. 9-28; EDDIE CANO group, Nov. 30-Dec. 12; SHIRLEY SCOTT, Dec. 14.

Sherry's — PETE JOLLY, piano; RALPH PENA, bass.

Zebra lounge — WILD BILL DAVIS, Nov. 10.

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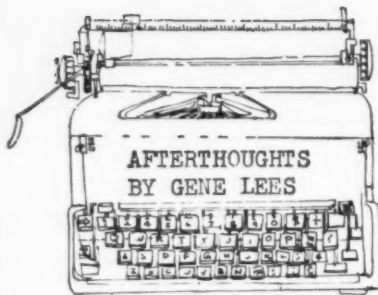
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On page 11 of this issue, you will find a report on one of the most incredible legal rulings in my experience. And my experience happens to include long stints covering courts and their decisions not only in this country but in other nations as well.

In New York, Magistrate Maurice W. Grey ruled that coffee houses offering Bach concerts and poetry readings must have cabaret licenses. *Down Beat* is strongly on record as being opposed to the New York statute that makes it necessary for anyone working in a cabaret to get a work permit (be he musician or waiter) from the police, and for the "cabaret" itself to get a permit for itself.

This situation was pretty anomalous in itself, even before Magistrate Grey's ruling. The previous interpretation made it necessary to get cabaret cards, as they are called, for places where liquor is served. That ruling is iniquitous in itself: it gives the New York police control over men's livelihoods, a condition so shocking that it requires no further comment. Further, this ruling has been applied with cruel severity: there are reports of a man who was refused such a card because once, when he was 17, he was charged with vagrancy (being broke, in other words) in upstate New York.

But Magistrate Grey's extension of the jurisdiction leaves me almost at a loss for words to express my shock.

Look at it this way: in Greenwich Village, there is a hypothetical coffee house—meaning a place where they sell coffee. Someone comes in and gives a classical guitar recital of Bach's music. Good heavens! The public morality is being threatened! Right away, those paragons of moral perfection, the New York police, leap in and order everyone to get cabaret cards, so that they can protect the public from contamination by Bach.

How can it happen in a modern nation? The New York police have suddenly been elevated to a moral plane above that of Johann Sebastian Bach—the greatest composer of religious music the world has ever known.

After you get through shaking your head over that, consider this: as soon as a man reads poetry in a coffee house, the police have jurisdiction again. Isn't

this an infringement of this country's carefully-defended tradition of free speech? To me, it is patently obvious that it is. It would seem to me that Maxwell T. Cohen, who defended the coffee house operators and has been a courageous and tireless fighter against the cabaret cards (and against persecution of musicians and other artists by the New York police, i.e. the Miles Davis case) now has just the contradiction he needs to take this case all the way to the Supreme Court.

I, for one, would like to know what a "cabaret" is. Evidently, in Magistrate Grey's view, it is not merely a place where alcohol is sold but is any place where music is played (perhaps in combination with the sale of coffee and soft drinks) or poetry is read. Does this mean that the New York police may move in on Carnegie Hall next? And on the Broadway theaters, where Shakespeare (which is poetry) is sometimes played?

The police department went so far as to take attorney Cohen to task for questioning, in his memorandum, the moral character of the police department "with its sordid history of graft, corruption, violation of civil rights, betrayal of public trust," and so forth.

As one who has covered police matters in the past, I know—as the authorities should—that when this attitude of assuming the police can do no wrong prevails, when they are exempt from scrutiny, great abuses can and usually do develop.

I do not—and this magazine does not—consider the New York police (or any governmental authority, anywhere) to be judges of cultural matters. In support of Mr. Cohen and the coffee house operators and of the musicians who have been so long abused by the New York police, we most strongly protest the ruling of Magistrate Grey.

Bach and poetry put under the iniquitous cabaret ruling. Incredible. Just incredible... [Signature]



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